

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

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HARVESTS ON HISTORIC FIELDS.

THREE years ago, the battle's breath
Swept fiery hot across the plain ;
And steadily the reaper Death,
With cruel carnage in his train,
Marched through the serried ranks that stood
Unwavering, and cut them down ;
While field and farm, and hill and wood,
Grew dark beneath the battle's frown.

The cannon thundered in their wrath,
The musket rang with volleys there ;
The loud shell cut its trackless path,
And burst with fury in the air ;
And thickly by the trodden way,
In dyke and field, by level rows
Of trampled corn, Death's harvest lay —
Friend close by friend, and foe with foe.

To-day another harvest stands
Where once Death trod the bleeding plain,
Ripe for the reaper's ready hands
That bind in sheaves the golden grain.
Afar the sheltered farm-house sleeps,
Embowered in shade ; while o'er the mound,
With plying growth, the wild vine creeps,
Where rifles rang with deadly sound.

Up from her covert starts the quail,
As, chancing on her hidden nest,
The farmer lad, with noisy hail,
Spies quick as thought the speckled breast,
And low and sweet the echoes call ;
While from the blue sky overhead,
In mellow radiance flooding all,
The golden light of peace is shed.

— *Harper's Weekly.*

THE LAND OF THE SNOB.

ILLUSTRIOUS Visitor, hail !
Right welcome to Albion's shore !
Wherever you go, through the streets or by rail,
Bystanders will holla and roar.
Be prepared with your eyes and your ears
For the stare and the shouts of the mob,
Their aloft-flourished hats, and demonstrative
cheers ;
For Old England's the Land of the Snob, of
the Snob :
Old England's the Land of the Snob.
The people of England are free,
And Heaven for equality thank ;
But none have such wild adoration as we
For folks of superior rank.
On the toes of each other we tread,
With delight, at the heels of a "nob,"
And in herds we await and pursue a crowned
head :
For Old England's the Land of the Snob, of
the Snob :
Old England's the Land of the Snob.

To put on sweet Majesty's hat
Would joy to a Briton impart.

The cushion to press where it sat,
With lips, some could find in their heart.
There are those, could they do such a thing,
On a tempting occasion, as rob,
Who a tooth-brush would filch from a king ;
For Old England's the Land of the Snob, of
the Snob :

Old England's the Land of the Snob.

— *Punch.*

THE CHIFFONIER.

I AM a poor Chiffonier !
I seek what others cast away !
In refuse heaps the world throws by,
Despised of man, my trade I ply ;
And oft I rake them o'er and o'er,
And fragments broken, stained, and torn,
I gather up, and make my store
Of things that dogs and beggars scorn :
I am the poor Chiffonier !

You see me in the dead of night
Peering along with pick and light,
And while the world in darkness sleeps
Waking to rake its refuse heaps ;
I scare the dogs that round them prowls,
And light amid the rubbish throw,
For precious things are hid by foul
Where least we heed and least we know.
I am the poor Chiffonier !

No wretched and rejected pile,
No tainted mound of offal vile,
No drain or gutter I despise,
For there may lie the richest prize ;
And oft amid the litter thrown
A silver coin — a golden ring
Which holdeth still its precious stone,
Some happy chance to me may bring.
I am the poor Chiffonier !

These tattered rags, so soiled and frayed,
Were in a loom of wonder made,
And beautiful and free from shame
When from the master's hand they came.
The reckless world that threw them off
Now heeds them only to despise ;
Yet, ah ! despite its jeer and scoff,
What virtue still within them lies !
I am the poor Chiffonier !

Yes ! all these shreds so spoiled and torn,
These ruined rags you pass in scorn,
This refuse by the highway tost,
I seek that they may not be lost ;
And, cleansed from filth that on them lies,
And purified and purged from stain,
Renewed in beauty they shall rise
To wear a spotless form again.

I am the poor Chiffonier !

w. w. s.

— *Blackwood's Magazine.*

From the quarterly review.

1. *I Miei Ricordi di Massimo d'Azeglio*. Due Volumi. Firenze, 1867.
2. *Correspondance Politique de Massimo d'Azeglio*. Ed. Eugène Rendu. Paris, 1867;

THE life of a man who was soldier, artist, diplomatist, novelist, and statesman; whose earliest reminiscences were of Alfieri and the Countess of Albany, and who lived to be introduced to the present heir-apparent of the British throne; who, born in the highest social circle, mingled by choice and by profession with members of every class, and who exercised no small influence upon the destinies of his native Italy, can hardly fail to present some points of interest. Whether the 'Reminiscences' lying before us can be placed, as an intellectual effort, on the same level as the author's 'Nicolo de' Lapi,' may reasonably be doubted. Nevertheless the book has beauties and merits of its own, and we trust that, even in the comparatively brief account of it which we propose to lay before our readers, its attractions may be found not to have wholly disappeared.

Massimo Taparelli d'Azeglio was born at Turin on the 24th of October, 1798. The family came originally from Brittany, which perhaps, as our author playfully remarks, accounts for the existence of a certain vein of stubbornness (*testa un po' dura*) running through the race. At the close of the thirteenth century a member of this house descended into Italy, most probably with Charles of Anjou, and settled in the Piedmontese town of Savigliano. Here their ancient and honourable appellation of Chapel or Capel got corrupted, no one knows how, into Taparelli, to which the *cognomen* of Azeglio has been subsequently added, in consequence of the acquisition of a village of that name.

Azeglio's grandfather, Count Robert of Lagnasco, married Christina, Countess of Genola, a member of another branch of the same family. From this marriage sprang two sons, of whom the elder died in youth: the younger, Cæsar, became the father of the subject of this narrative. Cæsar's mother died a few days after having given him birth; but by a second marriage Count Robert had a daughter, who became the wife of Count Prospero Balbo, and the mother of Cæsar Balbo. Thus of the three Piedmontese of our time who have most deeply affected the fortunes of Italy — Gioberti, Azeglio, and Balbo — the two latter were first cousins.

The parents of our author stand forth in

the pages of these volumes in marked outlines and vivid colouring. The Marquis Cæsar d'Azeglio appears to have been a fine type of the old Piedmontese nobility; brave, simple in his tastes and habits of life, sincerely religious, and self-sacrificing. He was poor, because his fortune was always at the service of his country and the house of Savoy. By his 'country' must be understood rather the kingdom of Sardinia than the Italian peninsula; for this last was to him, at least in his earlier years, little more than 'a geographical expression.' Personally attached to his Sovereign, he lost some sixteen thousand pounds — a very large sum in that country — during the wars arising out of the great French revolution. When taken captive, he had only accepted liberty on the express condition of *not* promising to give up military service on behalf of his native soil. He was not a man of brilliant abilities, nor had he any very great capacity for adapting himself to that new order of things which (both in the world of thought and the world of action) began to overshadow and to influence the mind and conduct of Europe after the overthrow of Napoleon. But he was willing to let the new phase of constitutional, as opposed to absolute, monarchy have its trial in the kingdom of Sardinia; provided always that such change arose out of the deliberate will and consent of the reigning monarch, and was not forced upon him from without by the threats or rebellion of his subjects. There was much in Massimo d'Azeglio that was especially his own; much that was produced by the moulding impress of the times in which he lived. His great and varied abilities cannot be said to have been inherited from his father. But there is manifested throughout these 'Reminiscences' an earnest desire to impress upon the mind of his countrymen the all-important lesson — that it is only by the formation of such characters as those of his parents that Italy can hope to succeed in the great experiment which she is now engaged in trying. Another country supplies weighty warning. 'From 1814 to 1848,' says the distinguished son of one who was an eminent minister under Louis Philippe, 'France tried for thirty-four years the experiment of representative government. Three unfavourable tendencies have chiefly contributed to make this attempt twice prove a failure; a general and systematic spirit of opposition to authority, excessive pretensions, and the keenness of personal enmities. These three features of the national character, common to nearly all our politicians,

have rendered all but impossible a government with institutions whose freedom encourages resistance, excites ambition, and gives full play to rivalry.' These sorrowful reflections of Prince Albert de Broglie, * so applicable just now to Italy, may not, perhaps, be wholly out of place even in a country like our own. But we must not wander from our more immediate subject.

The manner in which we have just referred to our author's parents implies that his mother was not unworthy of her husband. She might have been able to accomplish even more for her children, if her health had been robust. But in the fourth year of her wedded life she received a shock from which she never thoroughly recovered. She was officially informed that her husband had been slain in battle, fighting against the French invaders of Piedmont. So circumstantial was the account, that the will of the supposed deceased was formally opened. It left the widow most handsomely provided for, with a jointure which was not (apparently a rare event in Italy) to suffer diminution in the event of a second marriage. And it was specially insisted on that she was on no account to put on mourning if her husband had fallen with arms in his hands for his country and his king. Two months later came the news that Cæsar d'Azeglio was alive and unhurt, although a prisoner in France. But the sudden and unlooked-for joy was a fresh trial to one already weakened by grief, and expecting at no distant date to add to the number of her family. Subsequent events, as was natural during the troublous times in which her lot was cast, increased the injury thus wrought; and we are not surprised to learn, that from this parent the young Massimo and his brethren were not able to obtain any great amount of intellectual culture. But she gave them what her son justly calls the loftier benefit of admirable precepts and example; an education of the heart, a right guidance of the sentiments and of the affections.

The war in which Cæsar d'Azeglio was taken captive had fallen upon Piedmont after the land had known some six and forty years of peace. With a generation untrained in military habits and discipline, the small Subalpine kingdom was left alone to contend against the power of France. The issue could not long be doubtful. There were some, indeed, who hoped, says our author, that liberty might come to the vanquished, like other *articles nouveautés* from

Paris, without the need of any personal merit on the part of the recipients. They had to learn by sad experience the stern lesson taught by the course of events to so many enthusiasts of that date, — a lesson nobly expressed by one of those very enthusiasts, when he sang of the hollow joy of Greece on receiving liberty as a gift from the favour of Rome, and of the exceptional soundness of heart displayed in Ætolia: —

'Ah! that a Conqueror's words should be so dear;
Ah! that a boon could shed such rapturous joys!
A gift of that which is not to be given
By all the blended powers of Earth and Heaven.
The rough Ætolians smiled with bitter scorn:
"Tis known," cried they, "that he who would adorn
His envied temples with the Isthmian crown
Must either win, through effort of his own,
The prize, or be content to see it worn
By more deserving brows."

These lines from two sonnets by Wordsworth might not unfitly be placed as a general motto to the autobiography of Massimo d'Azeglio. But, if these lessons were needed by all Italians, the Piedmontese perhaps required them the least. It is well known that Massimo d'Azeglio was one of the first, perhaps the very first, to suggest that Florence should be the capital of the kingdom of Italy. In singular contrast with this event of 1864 stands the account of the departure of the Azeglio family in 1800 from Turin to Florence as to a *land of exile*. Such, however, was the feeling of his parents, when the battle of Marengo had laid Northern Italy at the feet of Napoleon, and had induced them to remove to the Tuscan city until better days should dawn. Among the earliest infantine recollections of Massimo was a picture of Turin, in his father's study at Florence, with the motto *Fuit* inscribed below. Happily the flight of the family was by no means a solitary one. The distinguished houses of Balbo, Perrone, Delborgo, Prié, and others, all adopted the same course, preferring such banishment to the acceptance of foreign rule in Turin, and to the implied rejection of the house of Savoy, whose head had retired to the maritime portion of his realm, the Island of Sardinia.

One day, in a house belonging to a member of this set, a little child, unembarrassed by clothing, was being held on his mother's knees, while a painter was drawing from the form before him an infant Jesus.

* *Etudes Morales et Littéraires.* Paris, 1853, p. 305.

'Now, Mammolino, be quiet! (*Ehi, Mammolino, stai fermo*)' was the exclamation uttered in a deep voice by a bystander, a tall gentleman, wholly dressed in black, with a pale face, bright eyes, frowning eyebrows, locks of a hue inclining towards red, and thrown back from the temples and the brow. The deep voice coming from a figure regarded by the child with much awe produced the desired effect, and a Holy Family was the result. The picture is believed to be in a church at Montpellier. The house was the *studio* of the artist Fabri; the child was the infant Massimo, then called endearingly Mammolino; the awesome bystander was the celebrated Vittorio Alfieri.* In Massimo d'Azeglio's latest days he had only to shut his eyes, and there rose up before him the house where Alfieri, and the Countess of Albany in her dress à la *Marie-Antoinette*, used to receive their company; the pictures by Fabri (one of Saul at Endor, and one of Pompeii) on the walls, and his father in conversation with some of their circle, or with M. Langensverd, the Swedish minister.

The heavy hand of Napoleon was ere long to fall on this retreat. With a minuteness of persecution, which in many quarters seemed to outweigh all the advantages which Italy derived from the imperial sway, the new ruler forbade his Turinese subjects to send their children abroad for education. Three of Massimo's brothers were students at the Tolomei college, in Sienna, when this decree was promulgated. But Sienna not being a Piedmontese city, was considered to be 'abroad,' and the youths had, of necessity, to be withdrawn. A second order compelled all the emigrants to return from Florence and elsewhere to their Subalpine homes.

The domestic education received by the young family on their return to Turin was admirable in the way of discipline. To speak low, to treat their sister with the same courtesy as a young lady of another house, to bear great pain without complaint, and even to preserve under it the appearance of cheerfulness, to take all possible care not to add to the illness of their mother, not to expect praise and petting, such were the home lessons received in the house of the Taparelli d'Azeglio. The following incident is an illustration. It occurred when the family had a villa near

Fiesole, and in the course of a long ramble with his father:—

'I had gathered an enormous bunch of wild broom and other flowers, and I was also carrying a stick in my hand, when somehow I became entangled, and fell heavily. My father hurried to lift me up again, examined me to see where I was hurt, and observing that I complained much of one arm, he laid it bare, and found that it deviated decidedly from the straight line; in fact, I had broken the ulna, the large bone of the arm.

'I, who was gazing fixedly into his face, saw his countenance change, and assume an expression of such keen and tender solicitude, that he scarce seemed to me like the same man. He fastened my arm to my neck as well as he could, and we again set out homeward. After a few moments had passed, during which he had had time to regain his usual nature, he said to me, "Listen, Mammolino, your mother is not strong. If she were to see how you have hurt yourself, it might make her very ill. You must be brave, my child. To-morrow, we will go to Florence, and do all that can be done for you; but this evening, you must not let her see that anything is wrong with you. Do you understand?"

'All this he said to me with his usual firmness, but with the greatest affection; and as for me, I did not feel that I had any very important or difficult affair to manage; in fact, I kept in a corner all that evening, holding up my broken arm as well as I could, my mother thinking I was tired after my long walk, and perceiving nothing more.

'Next day I was taken to Florence, and my arm was duly set. But its cure had to be completed by the muddy waters of Vinadio, some years later.

'Does any one think this proceeding of my father's a harsh one? I can recall that incident as if it had happened yesterday, and I well remember that it never entered into my head for an instant to think him harsh or unkind. I was, on the contrary, so happy at the unspeakable tenderness I had seen in his face, and also I felt it so reasonable not to alarm my mother, that I regarded the difficult command rather as an excellent opportunity of doing myself credit.

'And that, because I had not been spoiled, but had had some good foundations laid in my heart. And now that I am old, and have seen the world, I bless my father's stern firmness; and I would that all Italian children possessed a parent like him, and would profit more by it than I did: within thirty years, Italy would be the first of nations!—i. pp. 105-107.

The compulsory return to Turin had involved a correspondence between the head of the family and his Sovereign, which was highly honourable to both parties. Caesar d'Azeglio offered to join Victor Emmanuel in the Island of Sardinia. But the king

* The supposed *habitat* of this picture, which is not mentioned in 'I Miei Ricordi,' is supplied in an able and suggestive critique of the work by M. de Mazade, in the 'Revue des Deux Mondes,' for 15th February, 1867.

advised him to submit; he could not think of removing from the youthful Taparelli a father of whom they now had more than ever such a special need. The Marquis d'Azeglio consequently took the oath of allegiance to Napoleon, and preserved it faithfully. But he aided to the best of his ability those who suffered under the French régime, more particularly some of the dignitaries of the Roman Church and Court.

These recollections suggest some striking thoughts to our author. During several years of Napoleon's reign, most notably, perhaps, about 1809, after the triumph of Wagram and his marriage with Maria Louisa, he impressed on his contemporaries, says Azeglio, the idea that he was simply a *fate* that could not be resisted. Now we need not go to Italy seek for the prevalence of such notions. They are marked in the diaries of many English politicians of the time, as, for example, that of Sir James Mackintosh; and we suspect that expressions tending, to say the very least, in that direction, might be plentifully culled without much difficulty from the pages of the 'Edinburgh Review.'

We have seen so many instances in this country of the political and religious differences between brothers, that perhaps we ought not to be astonished to learn that the elder brother of Massimo d'Azeglio not only took holy orders, but joined the Jesuits, and ultimately became the editor of the most extreme ultramontane paper, the organ of that society, and of the Roman Court, the 'Civiltà.' He was known as Father Taparelli. It must be mentioned, to the honour of both brothers, that their differences were never allowed to chill the warmth of their fraternal affection. Massimo expresses a keen sense of the purity and sincerity of his brother's mind, and of the sacrifices which he had made in joining the Order.

The fall of Napoleon, the delirious joy of the Turinese when their Sovereign made his re-entry into their city (borrowing in his poverty a carriage from the Marquis d'Azeglio), the delight at the departure of those French to whom they have since owed so much, *their equal amount of pleasure at witnessing the arrival of the Germans*, are all set forth in these volumes with much liveliness. Well might the writer Italianize, as we have done, the above clause, and almost doubt whether he can be the writer of such words. Assuredly the vast majority of the Italians, who were then young, lived to alter their sentiments as regards these nations.

Changes in the great world carry with them of necessity a vast number of changes in the lesser worlds of private circles. The altered state of affairs, which ensued upon the events just mentioned, transformed the youthful Massimo from being a mere boy into an *attaché*, and then into an officer. The former position arose from the circumstance of his father being sent as a provisional minister to the Court of Rome, to congratulate Pius VII. on his return. The kind offices of Cæsar d'Azeglio towards the persecuted clergy were fully acknowledged by the Pontiff. Massimo was likewise much noticed, and found himself plunged at once into the midst of high clerical and diplomatic society. And here it may be observed that if any of our readers shall have chanced to look at that part of Dr. Dollinger's book, 'The Church and the Churches,' which treats of the Papal Temporalities, he will find its comment on the rule inaugurated by Cardinal Consalvi entirely confirmed by the reflections of Azeglio. The general impression left by both writers appears to us to be identical; namely, that the new Papal régime aimed at carrying out the French system of centralisation without having the French skill and energy that were needed for such a task. Thus the ancient municipal liberties of the towns in the Ecclesiastical States were not restored; and the Legations, finding that they had lost French order without gaining Italian freedom, sunk before long into a chronic state of insurrection.

The honesty of our autobiographer compels him to record with shame, that for four or five years (that is to say, between the ages of 17 and 22) he passed an idle, and far worse than idle, existence. He acquired, however, a love for pictorial art, and became also passionately fond of music.

Of all *trustworthy* accounts of the Roman clerical society of that date, Azeglio's appears to us to be one of the least favourable. His father seems to have been a far stricter man, both in word and deed, than many of the canons and *prelati* whom they met. The fact that the youthful Massimo himself was more than once pressed to take holy orders, did not exalt in his eyes the suitors, and generally he maintains that there was very little of what is known as *unction* among the Roman clergy of that day. He had been accustomed to a much higher standard of duty and devotion by the conduct of the priesthood at Turin.

The study of antiquities is one of the very few branches of knowledge that can be said to flourish in the Rome of the pre-

sent century. Some chances were offered of prosecuting researches into the curiosities of pagan, or of the early Christian times; but our author at that season loved, as he puts it, *le novità e non le antichità*. However, the gay career of an *attaché*, with its dinners, balls, and *soirées*, was cut short by the arrival of the actual ambassador from Turin, the Marquis of San Saturnino. A great consolation for the young man lay in the circumstance that a commission had in the mean time been obtained for him in the Royal Cavalry of Turin. Before leaving Rome he saw his brother Prospero formally installed into the Order of the Jesuits. The gravity of the ceremony was for a moment disturbed by a mistake of the aged general, Father Panizzoni. Dim of sight, he advanced to embrace Massimo, instead of the elder brother. 'A pretty business we two should have made of it,' says the former.

Azeglio's experience of the army led him to take real interest in the theory of war, and also in such practical knowledge as can be acquired in a time of peace. His first departure from home with his regiment is reckoned by him among the five or six most joyful events of his strangely varied life. But the partiality shown in respect of promotion confirmed him in one of his growing sentiments, his dislike of aristocracy. When we remember that he became, to use his own expression, the penultimate link of the long chain of the Taparelli, his sentiments on this head seem worth inquiring into.

Massimo d'Azeglio was brought up in a house which thoroughly believed in the truth of the saying, *Noblesse oblige*. The children were early taught to be on their guard lest descent from noble ancestors should 'degenerate into arrogance or a fancied superiority over those nobles of God's creation, who, endowed in other respects with every exalted quality, cannot point to a long line of ancestry.'* Indeed so little stress was laid at home on the matter of station, that once, when Massimo was about twelve years old, a friend of the family having turned the conversation on the subject of nobility, he asked in perfect good faith: 'We, father, are we noble?' The laughter of the company showed the lad that he had asked an absurd question; but his father with a smile simply replied; 'You will be noble, if you are good. *Sarai nobile, se sarai virtuoso.*' Still the hometraining of the youth, if not on the one hand of a

nature to puff him up with pride of birth, was certainly not likely on the other hand to create unfavourable impressions of his order. This subsequent dislike arose, we conceive, partly from a spirit of opposition, which is by no means an uncommon feature in generous minds; and partly from the specimens of the Order presented to him in Italy, more especially at Turin and at Rome. Turn where he would, the result was, in Azeglio's judgment, always unfavourable. In Venetia there still seemed to him traces of that effeminacy which had been only too faithfully portrayed in the comedies of Goldoni. Of the Roman aristocracy we shall have occasion to speak presently. The Piedmontese nobles (of whom Alfieri was in some degree, both in his virtues and in his faults, a type) were perhaps the most energetic, the most devoted and brave. But they were haughty, exclusive, and far too much attached to the interests of their own Order. Too many of them after the restoration displayed the same characteristics as their French compeers, on whom Talleyrand passed his memorable verdict: *Ils n'ont rien oublié, ils n'ont rien appris.*

The profession of an officer in times of peace is not that which usually cures a young man who has taken to a dissipated life. Azeglio became wilder than he had been as an *attaché*. As his means did not always suffice for the life he was leading in this *School for Scandal*, he emulated in one respect the conduct of the youthful rake in Sheridan's drama of that name. He journeyed to Milan with two young friends and two of his ancestors in effigy. The sale of these pictures of a Count and Countess of Lagnasco was intended to cover in part the expenses of the expedition. He did not then look forward to the day when a king, as yet unborn, should appoint him to be Governor of Milan.

'That idle life of mine, as fatal physically as morally to a young man, was a cause of sore distress to my father, and still more to my mother; and to this day I feel a pang as I write these lines, and recall the anxieties I caused them in those days. Would to God they had been the only ones!

'And truly I was following evil paths; for I have not said either all or the worst that might be said of my life at that epoch. I mention this because, after so many protestations of sincerity, if I have still a right not to tell every thing, I have no right to seem to have done so when I have not.' — i. p. 233.

Azeglio's mother, in her distress, paid

* Lord Lindsay. Preface to 'Lives of the Lindseys.'

several visits to Professor G. Bidone, who might, she thought, influence her son for good. Bidone's intellectual strength lay in mathematics and the physical sciences. His attempts to impart to his young friend a portion of his mental stores in these departments of knowledge had not been very successful. Fond of music, of art, and in time, of history and antiquities, as also of the literature, especially the poetic literature, of his native land, Massimo d'Azeglio cared but little for algebra or the inductive sciences. But Bidone proved all that the Marchioness d'Azeglio had hoped and desired in the realm of practical advice; and her son's obligations to this teacher are expressed by his borrowing some famous lines from the 'Divina Commedia,' wherein Dante records his obligations to his master Brunetto Latini:—

'In my mind
Is fix'd, and now strikes full upon my heart,
The dear, benign, paternal image, such
As thine was, when so lately thou didst teach
me
The way for man to win eternity.'*

Azeglio is not often given to classical reminiscences, or he might have bethought him that his fatherly friend had acted towards him as Horace records his sire to have done,

'Insuevit pater optimus hoc me
Ut fugerem, exemplis vitiorum quaque notan-
do.'†

For in like manner was Bidone accustomed to point out the living antitypes of the Barri, the Sectani, the sons of Albius of the Horatian era, and call upon Massimo to mark the ultimate tendencies of their sad and downward career. Convinced that his friend had within him the materials of something better than the gay and lax existence he was then leading, Bidone appealed to Massimo's nobler self, until at length the young man took a resolution and carried it out with a suddenness, a courage, and a perseverance that betokened in him a full share of that strength of will which the Capels or Taparelli brought with them from Brittany.

He resolved to give up the army, to

* 'Chè in la mente m'd fitta e or m'accora,
La cara e buona immagine paterna
Di voi quando nel mondo ad ora ad ora
M'insegnavate come l'uom si eterna.'
(*Inferno*, canto xv. 82-85.)
The above version is that of Cary.

† Sat. I. 4. 105.

break entirely, not only with its life of balls and fêtes, but also with the habits and traditions of his Order. He determined to become an artist—not a mere *dilettante* gentleman who dabbles with oil and brushes, and takes the portrait of a friend or two by way of a little recreation, but a real *bonâ fide* artist studying hard at his new calling, and treating it as a means of livelihood.

'Is it true that he is going to make his son an artist? I don't know what the world is coming to. In my time a fellow would as soon have thought of making his son a hair-dresser or a pastry-cook.' The relatives of Azeglio used almost the same language as Major Pendennis; and it was with difficulty that the young Piedmontese nobleman obtained the consent of his parents. For once a classical quotation does occur to his memory. Plutarch had observed that 'no well-born young man, after seeing the statue of Jove at Olympia, or that of Juno at Argos, had ever desired to be Phidias or Polycletus.' But Azeglio justly replies that Greeks, Romans, or English had a country, if not always free, yet ever struggling for liberty; rights and laws to defend, a political arena which gave scope for their powers; hearers, supporters, adversaries; and, lastly, the consciousness of aims and objects at once useful, grand, and glorious.

'What on the other hand was offered to me, with my ideas and sentiments, by a despotism replete indeed, I believe, with right and honest intentions, but of which the representatives and arbiters were four aged chamberlains, four ladies of honour, with a swarm of friars, monks, priests, and Jesuits?

'What future was opened to me, by entering into diplomacy, the Government, or the army? The "future," of knowing always where the Minister, the General, or the Lady in Waiting, was in the habit of attending Mass, or going to confession; and of carefully going there myself to present them with holy water at the door, and to get into the good graces of the Father Confessor. If I so comported myself, a prospect of going on in my profession at full trot; if I did not, the certainty of being laid on the shelf, and, after spending some thirty years on an employé bench, of being handed over to a bench at the Café Florio.'—i. p. 352.

With an humble allowance from his father of less than £1. sterling a month, Massimo started for the city where he had erst revelled in all the distinctions of an *attaché*. He first made for Genoa, and there found an English brig which conveyed him to

Leghorn, whence he travelled by land to Rome. The family Orenco, already known to him, received him as a son. But of five and twenty *scudi* (some 5*l.*) with which he arrived in Rome, the largest portion was exhausted by the expenditure absolutely necessary for his new profession. Happily for himself, Azeglio had a horror of debt. So he took special care to avoid calling on his eminent acquaintances of former days. His uncle, Cardinal Morozzo, had left Rome, that he might reside in his diocese of Novara. One very intimate friend of his father's, Cardinal de Gregorio, was the only person in high station with whom he retained intercourse.

He began to work in earnest. It was winter, and for two hours before daylight he joined a class taught by a Genoese named Garellò, who gave very able instruction in history and in the English language to a number of scholars, who by daylight were compelled to attend to other pursuits. For a few pence he obtained from a friendly master of the horse in the service of the Rospigliosi a gallop of an hour. Riding was through his whole life one of his great delights, although, unfortunately, he was again and again compelled to sell his horses. After his ride he worked in his *studio* until dinner time, designing, copying models, studying the anatomy both of man and of the horse, beginning with osteology, thence learning to put together the skeleton, and then with great care clothing it with the proper muscles. After dinner he studied from the nude, his model being one Antonio, well known to all young artists of that day. This Antonio was a remarkably fine-made man, such as one sees in the *bas-reliefs* on Trajan's column. He was in many ways a worthy person, and thoroughly interested in art; he would allow young students to run in his debt, and even lend them money. 'It is true,' adds our author, 'that in a moment of excitement (*momento di vivacità*) he had killed his brother! But we cannot be perfect.' These studies lasted until nine at night. This was a hard life, but Massimo enjoyed good health, and, though poor, he was independent. In May he went into the country to make landscape studies from nature. His first essay of this kind was at Castel Sant' Elia, a village between Nepi and Civit  Castellana. He seems to have learnt much in this department of art from the school of Hackert, whose style in landscape was followed for some twenty years by the Dutch artists Woogd and Therlink, the Fleming Verstappen, Denis and Chauvin from France, and a Bolognese of the

name of Bassi. In Azeglio's eyes it was one especial charm of this beautiful part of Italy, that it was unknown to the foreigner and the tourist.

In Piedmont, Massimo, as a younger son, had been simply *Il Cavaliere*. The different practice of the south was manifested in his case under the following circumstances:—

'I carefully concealed my birth, which, however, some unforeseen incident often revealed, to my great discomfiture. And thus it chanced at Castel Sant' Elia.

'I must first inform my reader that in Central and Southern Italy, all the sons enjoy the same title as their father. My father was a Marquis, consequently I was a Marquis too. One day I had written to the Orenco family for, I forgot now what clothes, which were accordingly sent to me in a parcel directed to "*The Marquis Massimo d'Azeglio, Nepi*:" and a letter was posted at same time to me to inform me where they should be inquired for. I went in person, and presented myself to I know not what Vetturino, who undertook parcel carriage both from and to Rome. I had forgotten to make any change in my toilette, so appeared in my usual costume; shirt sleeves, a *camici * thrown over one shoulder, and no stockings, because of the heat. I walk in, and say; "There ought to be a parcel here for Azeglio." "There is one, but it is for the Marquis." "All right, I am come for it; how much is there to pay?" "Oh don't be in such a hurry, I can't let you have it; his lordship the Marquis must come and give me his receipt for it, and my payment." "But I am the Marquis!" I exclaim at last, annoyed at being compelled to reveal myself. "You are the Marquis!"

'I laugh even now, when I recall the look of incredulity and contempt which my interlocutor threw on me, a man without stockings, guilty of such outrageous presumption.

'I forget now whether I had to bring evidence to prove my identity, or whether I ended by being believed. But I well remember that I had a good long battle before I could carry my clothes off home; and the grand news of my Marquisat spreading rapidly, I found myself, at Castel Sant' Elia in the same predicament as Almagiva in the last act of the Barber of Seville, "*I am Almagiva, but not Lindoro!*" Luckily, I too was at the last "Act" of my country life. July had come, and the malaria with it, so I was compelled to change my climate.'

While our hero was thus employed, a hasty and ill-judged political movement occurred at Turin. This was in 1821. His elder brother Robert was implicated in the movement, and was compelled for a time to retire with his wife into Switzerland. The Jesuit party and the re-actionary society of

the *San-fedisti* became more triumphant than ever. But in the Roman States, in 1821 as now in 1867, brigandage was extremely rife. Nor did this second sojourn of Azeaglio's change for the better his opinion of the population of Rome itself. His first visit had led to an unfavourable comparison of the Roman with the Turinese clergy. He now saw more of the laity, especially when his name as an artist began to win him fame and bread. In his judgment, his inability to mix much with his own class of society was a real advantage. What he did see convinced him that they lived in an atmosphere of fawning and intrigue. Of their marvellous ignorance he supplies us with one or two specimens.

We should have supposed that if there was a naval battle of European celebrity, it was the sea-fight of Lepanto. But at Rome it ought to enjoy a special claim to reputation, because ardent Roman Catholics maintain (and not without some reasonable grounds) that the reigning Pontiff, Pius V., assuredly one of the very best who ever occupied the Papal chair, was mainly instrumental in bringing about this mighty destruction of Turkish vessels and overthrow of Turkish domination on the Mediterranean. It is even claimed for Pope Pius, that with prophetic instinct he foreknew that prosperous issue of the battle for which he had prayed; and a hymn in his honour (for he was afterwards canonized) declares:—

'Tu, comparatis classibus,
Votis magis sed fervidis,
Ad insulas Echinadas
Fundis tyrannum Thraciæ.'

Massimo d'Azeaglio was one evening in the palace of Prince A——. In one of the halls he observed a picture, evidently of the Flemish school, representing an inland scaling of a tower by an armed host:—

"What scene is represented by the capture of this fortress?" said I to the prince. He replied: "It must be the battle of Lepanto!!" I gave a look at him to see whether his countenance betrayed any merriment; but it remained perfectly serious, and — *amen*." — ii. p. 79.

Ladies, of course, are not to be expected to rise in these matters much above the level of fathers and husbands. One fair dame requested from Azeaglio an account of a great *Paramano* which had arrived in Rome from Paris, and had been the subject of much conversational eulogy. He was at first utterly at a loss for a reply, not knowing

what in the world a *Paramano* could be; but in time he made out that it was a *Panorama*! '*La differenza era poca*' is his comment.

There arrived in Rome a Piedmontese noble, a friend of Massimo, the Marquis Lascaris di Ventimiglia, whose only daughter subsequently married a brother of the celebrated minister Cavour. Ventimiglia was a man of excellent character, highly cultivated, amiable, original, and passionately fond of art and artists. He saw a picture which Massimo had just completed, and offered to buy it. Now much as our artist had desired this consummation, it was with something of a struggle that he made up his mind to the acceptance of his first payment for his picture. But having argued with himself that there was nothing to be ashamed of, he resolved to take his money like a man with his own hands, and to look boldly into the face of the purchaser. He was not, however, quite sure whether at the critical moment he thoroughly and unflinchingly carried out his programme. For the means of independence thus acquired he felt thankful to the Giver of all good. He was destined in after-years to feel doubly thankful for such a means of subsistence. Having munificently spent his official gains in works of charity, he had recourse to his pencil again on ceasing to be a minister of the Crown.

Meanwhile his artistic tours taught him much concerning the governors and the governed in the Papal States. He learnt more and more to think favourably of the later and unfavourably of the former. Our limits will not permit us to go into details, though some of them are amusing enough. But Azeaglio's general report of the population around Rome strikes us as being remarkably accordant with the twenty-third chapter of that excellent work, so justly recommended by Lord Stanhope, '*Six Months in Italy*,' by the American traveller, Mr. Hillard. On the Roman aristocracy we have the following general reflections:—

'Good service has doubtless been done by vigorous aristocracies. The French, our own, the German, and others, in war, the English in statesmanship, have produced great and admirable men and deeds; but from an aristocracy of the *dolce far niente*, such as is the Roman (the offspring and slave of the papacy for the most part), what could be hoped? The clergy, who made it rich, were half afraid of it, and would not have it powerful; but excluded it from all political interference; extinguished in luxury and forced idleness all its higher quali-

ties: hence followed sloth, degradation, ruin! But we shall come back to this subject again presently.

'This vice is by no means specially confined to aristocracies; it may be seen in all classes to whom are granted such privileges as render it needless for them to possess any intrinsic value, or real merit, or any laudable object of existence.

'The Roman plebeians, who were privileged to live on regular alms from their Emperors, without doing any thing whatever, became the most colossal mountain of *cannille* recorded by history.

'And alas! the ancient *donatives*, and the moneys for indulgences, in Papal Rome, have perpetuated those sad traditions, still living and powerful in the people to this day; and their *eldorado* is, to make *halfpence* without earning them.

'Nepotism was the creator of the largest portion of the Roman families in the "Book of Gold." Whilst in our lands, as I said before, the nobility won their titles on the battle-field, the Roman nobles gained theirs in courts; and as for their riches, I think I do not speak too severely of their origin when I say, that if the shades of all the Cardinal nephews could be evoked, and each of them made to publish his account book, we should have some strange revelations.'—ii. pp. 69, 77.

It must, we think, be owned, that Massimo d'Azeglio did not wholly and entirely escape the contagion of the tone of society around him. In his first volume he tells of an early love which was pure and honourable; and he takes occasion to express his indignation at those popular French novelists of the time of Louis Philippe, who had done their best to lower the tone of national, and perhaps of European, sentiment in all that concerns the tender passion. But the long and fervent admiration which he cherished for a lady in Rome, though never leading apparently to any overt mischief, was, we fear, irregular and culpable. The object of his passion was endowed with a beauty that was extraordinary, even in that land of beautiful women. But she was utterly destitute of any elevation of mind, and finally cashiered Azeglio for another admirer by a *ruse*, which could hardly have succeeded with one less infatuated than he appears to have been. Perhaps men of letters, especially the imaginative writers, feel more deeply or disclose more openly their wounds of the heart. As regards Azeglio's unfortunate attachment, it is our earnest desire to abstain from any thing like Pharisaic criticism. A country with such records as those of our Divorce Court before it had better be chary of censure upon the manners of other lands. Above all, it must

not be forgotten, that, but for our author's unflinching honesty, no word of this episode would ever have reached the general ear. He who thus lays bare his faults has earned the right of demanding our faith in his truthfulness and honesty. Most gladly would we have passed by this topic in silence, after the example of a French critic of the 'Reminiscences.' But would such reticence be paying real honour to the memory of one so candid and so open in all his words and deeds? We cannot think it. In his own emphatic language, '*Scrivendo di me, debbo mostrarmi quale sono. Debbo esser io, proprio io, e non un altro.*' We speak, then, as we believe that he would have wished us to have spoken.

In 1823 occurred the death of Pope Pius VII. Such an event, says Azeglio, always fills the population of Rome with incredible delight. It is not necessarily hatred of the deceased that evokes such sentiments, but the excitement, the possibility of advantage. For as each Cardinal has a long tale of connections, every city in Italy has its own interests—its own hopes and illusions. The election of the aged valetudinarian Della Genga, who took the title of Leo XII., thus far increased the joy that it involved the overthrow of the administration of Consalvi. Our author's reflections on the many virtues of this famous Cardinal Secretary, and his many mistakes, form a valuable contribution to history. But we have not space for them in our pages.

The new Pope determined to have the year 1825 kept as a year of jubilee. The mention of this subject brings us to the consideration of one cause of the great interest, which Massimo d'Azeglio's writings possess for many minds. There are those who feel an instinctive distrust of partisan works respecting Rome. In all places men have a great tendency to see what they desire to see; but nowhere is this tendency more marked than in books about Italy and Rome. An emissary from Exeter Hall, an Irish ultramontane member of Parliament might be thought to be describing two different cities and two different sets of men. It is one great charm of these 'Reminiscences' that we have in them the evidence of a man who was always a sincere Roman Catholic in his creed, in his later years a very earnest one, but who was also an eyewitness of facts which he recorded when no one else dared to speak, and when such speech involved the risk of banishment from Italy.

Now a jubilee is sometimes described on the one side by ultra-protestants as a mere

means of making money. Cardinal Wiseman, on the other hand, in his weak and reticent 'Personal Reminiscences of Four Popes,' declares that it is a great pecuniary loss, although (if we recollect aright) he regards it as an unmixed spiritual benefit for all concerned. It is curious to find Azeglio leaving Rome because of the jubilee. He knew that for twelve months every form of amusement, theatres, feasts, balls, receptions, would have to give way to sermons, missions, processions, and other religious functions. Of the sincerity of the proceedings he appears to have felt no doubt; but he had likewise no doubt of what would be the effect on his own mind. Convinced that the result would be injurious, he visited his parents at Turin. When, in the following year, he returned to Rome, he found his youthful lay contemporaries perfectly maddened (*arrabbiati*) against the priests and their system. 'One may imagine,' he adds, 'the profit that thence accrued to the true moral and religious sense.' Surely if jubilees must be held, they ought, in a city of 450,000 people, to be restricted to a particular area, and the rest of the place left free for its usual occupations.

In the mean time his skill and reputation as an artist had obtained for him a really exalted position. And here it may be observed that Azeglio's 'Reminiscences' tend greatly to support the observations made by Mr. John Stuart Mill, in his address at St. Andrew's, respecting the far more intimate connection between life and art which obtains in continental countries than is at all the case in England.* It is true that many of Azeglio's pictures were only landscapes, and that some of his historical pieces, such as that of the 'Death of Montmorency,' do not betray any intimate association with the dominant current of his thoughts. But many of them are closely intertwined with the objects of his political aspirations. To an English spectator, for example, a picture of the battle of Thermopylæ may be replete with noble associations, but the thoughts suggested are mainly those of the past. It was far otherwise with the youth of Italy some forty years since. To them the Persians meant Austrians, and the Spartans — who were to prove the Spar-

tans was still the question? But many a one would probably walk away from Azeglio's painting, repeating inwardly that stately ode of Leopardi's addressed to Italy, which begins with the words —

'O patria mia, vedo le mura e gli archi
E le colonne e i simulacri e l'erme
Torri degli avi nostri,
Ma la gloria non vedo' —

and presently proceeds to apostrophise the 'ever-honoured and glorious Thessalian straits, where Persia and Fate proved less strong than a few frank and generous souls.'

The picture of Montmorency's death made a great impression both in Rome and in Turin. The artist's father was in ecstasies. He desired to present Massimo to the King, Charles Felix; and hoped to obtain for his son a post at court, the office known as that of *gentiluomo di bocca*. Massimo's heart sank within him. Life at court would to him be misery, and yet to refuse his father and run counter to all the parental notions of life was hardly possible. He assented, but coldly, and the matter was soon dropped. 'My entrance at court,' he adds with natural exaltation, 'was destined to be in another shape and on other grounds twenty-one years later.' At that date he came into the presence of his Sovereign, not as an Usher or Chamberlain, but as first Minister of the Crown.

The autobiography before us does not include that later period of Azeglio's life, to which reference is here made. But the affectionate daughter (his only child, the Countess Ricci) who has given to the world these interesting volumes, has added in a supplement a brief epitome of its chief events. Much light is thrown upon this later portion by the other work placed at the head of this article; the collection of Azeglio's political correspondence during the last nineteen eventful years (1847 to 1866) of his strangely-varied life. These letters are lovingly and excellently edited by his friend M. Eugène Rendu, to whom the majority of them were addressed, and we much regret that we cannot find room for the many interesting citations which might be made from them. Azeglio's remarks concerning Victor Emmanuel; his criticisms on MM. de Montalembert and Veillot; his references to the Pope's Encyclical of 1864: the delight with which he quoted a speech delivered in the same year

* We may venture to say that Azeglio would have read with sympathy and delight the article on Leopardi which appeared in this 'Review' a few years since; but we suspect that he was no great master of English, and we cannot but think that he scarcely did justice to the English character and English statesmen.

by Lord Stanley at King's Lynn,* in favour of the proposal of Florence as the capital of Italy; these and several other features in M. Rendu's collection, combined with the eloquent preface of the editor, would possess for many readers great attractions. We must at this point content ourselves with a single sentence, which embodies one of our author's most favourite and prominent ideas, 'Le bien de l'Eglise! nul ne le désire plus que moi, à condition qu'elle soit une Eglise en effet, et non une Police.'

During those latter years Azeglio went through an eventful career. He fought, and received a severe wound, at the disastrous battle of Novara. He was then for some three years, until 1852, chief Minister to Victor Emmanuel, until his friend Cavour (whom he had introduced into office) became the more trusted adviser of the King and people in Piedmont. Cavour's ascendancy was fairly won, and Azeglio supported him in his policy of joining the allies in the Crimean war. At a subsequent date, when Garibaldi made his famous expedition into the kingdom of Naples, Azeglio differed from Cavour both as to means and ends. He could not approve of the manner in which the attack on Sicily was made, and his deep conviction of the corrupt state of the Neapolitan dominions led him to question the possibility of their proving a real acquisition to the kingdom of Northern Italy. But when Italy had at length been acknowledged by the majority of the great powers as a consolidated kingdom, he in time not only accepted the new condition of things, but protested against any attempt to undo what had been accomplished. In 1859 Cavour sent him as plenipotentiary to Paris and to London, rejoicing in the conviction that Azeglio's acceptance of such a post would be regarded, both by France and England, as a proof that the then newly-formed North Italian kingdom did not desire to play the part of a revolutionary fire-brand in Europe. During the summer of 1859, the year of the campaign of Magenta and Solferino, he had employment both civil and military; and in 1860 he became for a few months Governor of that city of Milan, in which

he had previously spent some years, and had married the daughter of the celebrated Manzoni. The difference of opinion between him and Cavour on the matters of Southern Italy did not dissolve the ties of friendship, and Azeglio bitterly regretted the death of the premier, which occurred, as our readers will remember, in the summer of 1861.

To a certain extent Massimo d'Azeglio occupied a peculiar and isolated position. Ever since the death of his father, in 1831, he had become an earnestly religious Roman Catholic: although the avarice respecting fees exhibited on that occasion by the Turinese clergy and officials was a trial alike to his faith and temper. But this increased seriousness only intensified his strong convictions respecting the badness of the Papal Government, especially in the Romagna: though, in conjunction with other elements in his character, it rendered him more completely anti-Mazzinian. Two famous personages, Garibaldi and Pius IX., are both referred to in his letters in tones of lamentation on account of the deplorable interval which, in each of them, exists between the heart and the head. Of the Pope he writes even so lately as 1854, after all the disappointments of 1849, '*J'ai aimé le pauvre Pio Nono et je l'aime encore.*' Of Garibaldi he says, '*Cœur d'or, tête de buffle.*' Again, referring to his own position, he adds, 'I am under the ban of the court for too great sincerity; under the ban of the Catholic party for treason against the Papal Government; under the ban of the freemasons as an opponent of the plan for having Rome as our capital; under the ban of the sects and of the reds for having told them too hard truths.'*

We have been compelled to pass in silence many portions of the 'Reminiscences; more especially the author's general reflections upon such themes as education, Napoleon I., and conquerors in general, the characteristics of the ancient Romans, and other topics. This, however, we regret the less, because these parts of the book are, in our judgment, decidedly the least happy and successful. Undeniably great and most deservedly loved and honoured as an Italian, we question whether Azeglio shines equally, when he comes forward as a citizen of the world. Indeed in some cases his very prominence and ardour in the one character seem to have proved injurious to

* In this speech Lord Stanley slightly satirized the desire to have Rome for the capital of the Italian kingdom. '*Avouez,*' said Azeglio, after having quoted the speech, '*qu'on ne saurait nous railler avec plus de grâce et plus de bon sens.*'—(p. 303, note.) It is a curious coincidence that Lord Stanley, as Foreign Secretary, should have summoned Massimo d'Azeglio's nephew, the present Marquis, to take his seat at the recent conference concerning Luxemburg.

* The evidence for the assertions made in this paragraph will be found partly in the 'Reminiscences,' but more emphatically and summarily in M. Rendu's preface to the Letters.

his performance of the more extended rôle. It has been said, that in novels written by ladies, men are usually described, not as they appear to their fellow-men, but only as they appear to women: that the main question at issue is, not how did this man act in his calling, whatever that may have been, but how did he behave towards the heroine? A somewhat analogous sentiment seems occasionally to pervade the reasonings of Azeglio. *Italia* is his heroine; and alike concerning men and nations his first question is, how have they behaved towards her? Thus, for instance, he is found constantly denouncing Napoleon I., and as constantly eulogizing Napoleon III. '*Mon idée fixe*,' he says in a letter, '*est que, dans l'histoire, le neveu aura le dessus sur l'oncle*.'

We do not pause to discuss the correctness or incorrectness of this opinion; but thus much we may safely assert, that Massimo d'Azeglio is not an unprejudiced judge in the case. He thinks, almost exclusively, of the relation which each bore to Italy. The work achieved by the First Consul for France does not seem to come into his field of vision. This is the more remarkable when we call to mind that he had the sincerest admiration for his father-in-law, Manzoni; whose famous ode on the death of Napoleon, entitled '*Il Cinque Maggio*,' does such ample justice to the statesman as well as to the captain. We must add with regret, that his attack upon the utility of classical studies seems to us commonplace and superficial; and we fear that a similar verdict must be pronounced upon his criticisms concerning pagan Rome. Often, however, when we differ most from Azeglio's judgments, we find ourselves charmed by the fresh and lively style in which his opinions are recorded. Possibly some idea of the merits of the '*Reminiscences*' in this respect may have been suggested, even in a translation, by our extracts. As regards his command over the French language, M. Rendu, no mean judge, has declared that many of his letters are models *du plus fin et aussi du plus grand style*; that in all of them may be traced the graces of a mind which showers, playfully and unconsciously, felicitous expressions as well as lofty thoughts.

But we have not yet traced the links of connection between Azeglio the artist, and Azeglio the author and the politician. To do this we must have recourse to the latter half of the second volume of the '*Reminiscences*.' It has been shown that his pencil, not content with the production of mere landscapes, had been successfully engaged

upon historical subjects. In 1833 he selected for pictorial treatment an event in Italian history known as *The Challenge of Barletta*; a quasi-duel which had occurred at the beginning of the sixteenth century between certain French and Italian officers. While he was engaged with his brush, a conviction of its inadequacy, as a means of saying all that he wished, rushed forcibly upon his mind. His father-in-law had won European fame by '*I Promessi Sposi*;' his friend Grossi had followed, if at some distance, yet not unsuccessfully, with his '*Marco Visconti*.' Might not he, Massimo d'Azeglio, succeed in hinting, through a tale of the past, some of his thoughts upon the actualities of the present; some of his views on matters of political and ecclesiastical? The work was begun, and in due time its opening pages were read by the author to his cousin, Cæsar Balbo, himself an able writer, and one not wont to be prodigal praise. With considerable nervousness did Massimo commence his task. Twenty pages were read when the critic, who had sat motionless, turned and said, '*But this is exceedingly well written — Ma questo è molto ben scritto*.' 'Never,' says Azeglio, 'did music of Rossini or Bellini sound more sweetly in my ears than those words.'

The work was finished, and entitled '*Ettore Fieramosca, o La Sfida di Barletta*.' The next question was, would the Austrian censor permit the publication in Lombardy of a book intended to suggest *inter alia*, that the Austrians ought to be driven out of Lombardy? Fortunately for Azeglio, the censor, the Abate Bellinsomi, was kindly, dull, and anxious to save himself trouble. The novelist plied him with all sorts of small attentions, and watched his opportunities. The *imprimatur* was granted, the book enjoyed an astonishing and overwhelming success; and poor Bellinsomi was deprived of his office. The only marvel is that he was ever appointed to it. The often-quoted words of Pindar speak of things which are full of meaning for those who are quick to understand, but which need interpreting for the many. But here, among the world of Italian readers, the *συνορα* and the *τὸ πᾶν* were well-nigh co-extensive terms. All educated persons in Italy read '*Ettore Fieramosca*,' and all who read it understood its drift and purpose.

The longer and still finer tale of '*Niccolo de' Lapi*' followed a few years later. This time, not unnaturally, the Austrian censor forbade its publication in Lombardy. But

the author's fame was now established. The success of the second was, as it deserved to be, even greater than that of the former; and it will remain a question for another generation whether it may not be placed, to say the least, on a level with 'I Promessi Sposi,' and claim with it an enduring place in European, rather than in merely Italian literature.

But with all his success, both in letters and in art, he still felt the want of a great work to engage his heart and understanding. It came to him unexpectedly; it came to him, he firmly believed, with the blessing, as well as by the ordering, of a divine and benignant Providence.

Azeglio had gone to Rome for a visit connected with art. Before long messages from Adolphus S., of Pesaro, and Philip A., of Cesena, were conveyed to him, desiring a political conversation. He visited them under pretence of seeking medical advice for an asthmatic complaint. The asthma, though real, was very slight, and, in fact, a mere pretext; and the *soi-disant* patient cannot recall the incident without remarking that it is one of the worst evils of such a government that it leaves for many no choice between a prison and a life of systematized dissimulation. His new friends told him that a man was needed who should traverse many parts of Italy, but specially the Papal States. The mission of this mentor was to be as follows: to urge on the inhabitants, that small and isolated risings were a mistake, and only did harm to the cause they were intended to subserve; that it were better to hold aloof from such societies as the Mazzinian *Giovine Italia*; that it was a duty to endure until some great occasion arose; that an attempt must be made to win the support of the treasury, army, and rulers of Piedmont. The emissary must be some man not mixed up with clubs, sects, or former uprisings; 'and, dear Signor Azeglio,' they added, 'we all think that it ought to be you.'

After his first unfeigned astonishment was over, Azeglio consented. His freedom from all previous complicity with plots, and his known habits as an artist, gave him every chance of travelling without molestation. He went alone, as a painter, through many a town and hamlet, carrying from each the name of the person to whom he was to have recourse in the next place on his route. Although too late to prevent the ill-advised rising at Rimini, his exhortations elsewhere produced great effect. Terni, Spoleto, Camerino, Loretto, Ancona, were all visited; and he then went by Genoa to Turin

and demanded an audience of the King of Sardinia, the unfortunate Charles Albert.

A living English poet has composed a powerful drama upon an episode in the history of the house of Savoy in 1730. When a generation or two shall have passed away, if a man of Robert Browning's genius shall need a subject for dramatic poetry, the career of Charles Albert will furnish him with a nobler theme than the story of 'King Victor and King Charles.' For Charles Albert's character presents one of those singular mixtures of elements with which second and third-rate writers of fiction or of history are utterly unfit to grapple, but in which masters of the art, a Shakspeare or a Walter Scott, revel with delight, because the very difficulties arouse their genius and afford scope and opportunity for their noblest triumphs. Such an one may some day tell how the Prince de Carignano, when heir to his uncle's throne, was known to have cherished aspirations on behalf of Italian freedom; how in 1821 and 1832 he disappointed his partisans; how his uncle apparently forced him, almost as a condition of succeeding him, to fight at the Trocadero in the French army which, in 1823, crushed the premature attempts of the Spaniards; how a deeply-rooted vein of mystical piety (to the sincerity of which even Azeglio seems scarcely to do justice) crossed the path of a love of freedom which in many minds was unhappily associated with anti-religious tendencies. And then, before he comes to the campaigns of 1848-49, the overthrow at Novara, the abdication and speedy death of the last King of Sardinia, he will study the following recital from the pen of one of the chief actors in this eventful drama:—

'I requested an audience and it was granted at once, which I thought a good omen. The time fixed was, as was usual with Charles Albert, six in the morning, which at that season of the year meant before day dawned; and at the appointed hour I entered the Royal palace (which was all awake and fully lighted up whilst the city still slept), and I entered it with a beating heart. After one minute of antechamber, the equerry in waiting opened a door for me, and I found myself in the saloon next after the state antechamber, and in presence of Charles Albert, who stood erect near a window; he replied, by a courteous bend of the head, to my respectful reverence, pointed to a stool in the embrasure of the window, invited me to seat myself, thereon, and placed himself immediately opposite to me.

'The King was at that date a mystery; and (although his subsequent conduct was explicit enough) will remain a mystery in some degree,

even for history. At that period the principal events of his life, the twenty-one and the thirty-two, were assuredly not in his favour: no one could make out what was the connecting link, in his mind, between his grand ideas of Italian Independence and Austrian marriages; between tendencies to the aggrandizement of the House of Savoy, and the favouring of Jesuits or retaining in his service such men as Escarena, Solaro della Margherita, &c.; between an apparatus of even womanish piety and penitence, and the greatness of mind and firmness of character implied by such daring projects.

Hence no one trusted Charles Albert. A great evil for a man situated as he was; for the small arts whereby men hope to retain the support of all parties, usually end in alienating alike the goodwill of all.

His very appearance had something inexplicable about it. Extremely tall and slight, with a long pale face of habitually stern character, he had, when he spoke to you, the gentlest expression, most sympathetic tones of voice, and kind and familiar words. He exercised a positive fascination over all with whom he conversed; and I recollect that during his first few words, whilst he inquired after myself (whom he had not seen for some little time) with a kindly courtesy peculiarly his own, I had to make a continual effort, and say to myself perpetually, — "Trust not, Massimo!" to prevent my being carried away by the winning seduction of his words and manner.

"Unfortunate monarch! He had in him so much of the good and great, why would he believe in intrigue?"

In his courteous inquiries after me, he happened to say, "And where do you come from now?" which exactly furnished me with the thread whereon to hang all I had to say. I did not let it escape me, but addressed him as follows:

"Your Majesty, I have traversed city by city, a great part of Italy, and if I have now asked for admission to your presence, it is because, if your Majesty will permit me, I should like to explain to you the present state of Italy, and what I have seen and talked of, with men of every country and of every rank, concerning political questions."

"CHARLES ALBERT. "Oh speak, by all means, you will do me a pleasure."

Azeglio, after recounting all that he had seen and done, asked the King whether he approved or disapproved of his conduct.

"I awaited in silence the reply, which the expression of the King's countenance told me would not be harsh; but which, so far as the important part of the matter was concerned, I expected would be an *ibis redibis*, leaving me as wise as before. Instead of this, without in the least hesitating or avoiding my glance, but (on the contrary) fixing his eyes on mine, Charles Albert said calmly, but resolutely:

"Tell those gentlemen to be quiet and

to move; as there is nothing possible to be done at this moment. But tell them that when the opportunity does arise, *my life, the lives of my sons, my arms, my treasure, my army, all shall be spent in the cause of Italy.*"

"I, who had expected so different a response, stood a moment mute, unable to find one syllable of reply. I thought I must have misunderstood. I, however, speedily recovered myself; but I think the King perceived the amazement I had felt.

"The scheme he had so resolutely laid down to me, and above all the phrase "*Tell those gentlemen,*" had so astounded me, that I could scarcely believe I had heard aright.

"But meanwhile, the great matter for me was to comprehend fully; for then as now, I always like to play with my cards on the table; and I think that all equivocating, and worse still all deception, does harm.

"Thanking him therefore, and saying that I felt (as indeed I assuredly did) touched and delighted at his frankness, I took care to engraft into my answer his very words, saying — "*I will then tell those gentlemen.*" He bent his head in token of assent, to explain to me that I had rightly understood him, and then dismissed me: and when we both rose to our feet, he laid his hands on my shoulder, and touched both my cheeks with both his, first the one, then the other.

"That embrace had about it something so studied, so cold, indeed I might say so funereal, that it froze me; and the internal voice, that terrible "*trust not,*" arose in my heart: tremendous condemnation of the habitually astute, to be suspected even when they speak the truth.

"And he had spoken it then — my unfortunate sovereign! — as events proved.

"Who could have told me, as we two sat in that embrasure of a window, on those two gilded ottomans covered with green and white flowered silk (which make me shudder now every time I see them), that whilst he was offering through me arms, treasure, and life to the Italians, I was unjust not to trust him instantly and wholly? Who could have foretold to me, that that great opportunity (so distant apparently in 1845, and which both of us despaired of living to see arrive), was appointed by God to appear only three years later? And that in that war, so impossible according to all appearances then, he was to lose his Crown, then his country, then his life; and that for me, as First Minister to his son, was reserved the mournful duty of seeing him laid (myself drawing up the formal notices) in the royal sepulchres of the Superga! ! !

Poor human beings! who fancy they direct events.

* * * * *

"As will be imagined, I left the palace with a tumult in my heart over which hovered, on outspread wings, a great and splendid hope.

'I returned to my little room on the last slope of Trombetta, and sat down instantly at my desk to write to the one among my correspondents who was to communicate the reply to the remainder.

'Before quitting them I had invented a cypher, of an utterly different nature from all the usual ones; a most safe cypher and one which in my opinion would defy all attempts to read it, but most troublesome to compose in. So I did not write my letter quickly. It conveyed all the precise tenor of Charles Albert's reply; but in order to be scrupulously exact, and not risk giving as a certainty what might be only my own impression, I ended thus; "*These were the words; the heart God sees.*"'

Each kept his promise faithfully. Charles Albert, though no strategist, and out-generalled by the superior skill of Radetzky, fought to the last with that calm courage in which none of his long and ancient line have ever shown themselves wanting. An Austrian officer has done full justice to the hapless monarch's coolness amidst the hail of bullets at Novara. 'He was one of the last,' says this eye-witness, 'who abandoned the heights of the Bicocca. Several times in the retreat he turned towards us, reining up his horse in the midst of the fire, then, as the balls seemed to be unwilling to strike him, he walked his horse slowly onward and regained the town.'* Azeglio, according to an agreement (he could not remember whether he or the king first suggested the idea), soon after the interview published that little pamphlet '*On the Latest Events in the Romagna*' (*Degli ultimi Casi di Romagna*);† which, while blaming the imprudence of the outbreak, narrated the grievances of the inhabitants in a style so calm and measured, so calculated to carry conviction of the writer's truthfulness into the minds of its readers, and so careful in its details, that it admitted of one reply and one only. The reply was the expulsion of himself from Tuscany and of his wife from Lombardy. But for the first time since 1814 the banishment of an assailant of the Papal Court did not include the whole of Northern Italy. Piedmont was still open; and Azeglio's sojourn for a season on his native soil was the commencement of a confidence on the part of his countrymen in his calmness, his reasonableness and mor-

al courage, which made all his words henceforth to be utterances of weight and influence.

We have said that he seemed scarcely to do justice to England and Englishmen. But we also believe that he never knew us well. We trust, however, that such want of knowledge and want of appreciation may in no wise prove reciprocal. Like Sismondi, who was the last of an Italian race not less ancient and noble than the Taparelli d'Azeglio, he has given us ample means of knowing him; and not to avail ourselves of the opportunity would, we feel sure, be a serious loss to ourselves. We shall know more of Italy in learning to understand one who has so powerfully influenced her destinies. And Italy, on her side, is not slow to recognize her debt. The graceful officer-like form of her soldier-artist-author-statesman dwells deeply in the remembrance of many hearts. Even while we write, medals are being struck which display a reproduction of the fine and striking portrait which adorns these volumes. The council of Florence have decreed to lay his mortal remains in their Westminster Abbey, the far-famed sanctuary of *Santa Croce*. The municipality of Turin has presented that of Venice with an album containing photographs of the choicest productions of Azeglio's pencil. A monument to his honour is being raised by national subscription in Turin, and a square in the capital of the Kingdom of Italy will long remind his countrymen of the noble words and deeds, of the exalted genius and lofty character, of MASSIMO D'AZEGLIO.

* Cited by M. Monnier, '*L'Italie est-elle la Terre des Morts?*'

† The '*Christian Remembrancer*' has given copious extracts from this pamphlet in an article on the Papal Temporalities, published in January, 1867. It seems right to say that a great moral improvement in the conduct of the clergy in Rome seems to have taken place during the last thirty years.

The Memoirs of the unfortunate Emperor Maximilian of Mexico will appear shortly at Leipzig. They were announced some time ago, and even the printing was begun during the lifetime of the Emperor. Now they are to come out, at the special desire of the Emperor of Austria. The work will comprise seven volumes, and will appear under the title of "*My Life; Travelling Sketches, Aphorisms, Poems.*" The first volume will contain his diary of a journey in Italy. The Prince was then only nineteen, and shows himself in his note-book full of candour, feeling, and chivalry.

CHAPTER LXIV

THROUGH THE MIST.

STRENUOUS and eager as Neil was, his boyish strength had its limit, and the agitation of his mind probably hastened the moment when he felt compelled to pause, and deposit his burden on the heather. Effie was no longer a dead weight. She had moved and moaned, clung for an instant more tightly than seemed possible with such fragile arms to her cousin, and then made a sudden struggle to be released, murmuring in a bewildered way, "Oh, what is this? I can walk, I can walk!"

She staggered a step or two, and leaned heavily back on his protecting arm.

"Rest, dear Effie, rest," whispered Neil, and he folded and flung his plaid down on the hill, dank with mist and the dews of morning, and softly lowered her to that resting-place. But, as consciousness returned, grief and horror woke anew in Effie's breast. Her poor little pale face grew wild and strange. She stared at Neil with eyes that seemed to him to dilate as they gazed. Then she burst into tears; such tears as Neil had never seen shed in his life, for he had neither known and suffered grief himself, nor witnessed it in others. The calm sadness of his mother was a familiar pain to his loving nature; but this, — this dreadful weeping, — this young thing dissolved in showers of tears, and shaken by sobs, and wringing those slender hands, and wildly looking through the mist to the unseen sky, calling on God for help — was strange and dreadful to him; and what was he to do with her? What could he do?

She wept, she rocked herself backward and forward, like a reed when the storm sweeps over the loch. "Oh, papa! oh, papa! oh, my own father! Oh, to think I shall never, never hear his voice any more! And he said such dreadful things — things to make God so angry! Oh, such things he said, and such dreadful songs he sang — on the hill — in the night — oh, my poor father! my miserable father! oh, dreadful, dreadful things! Oh, God forgive those songs, and all the words he said! He was ill — he did not know. Oh, Neil, cousin Neil, do you think God will forgive? — the terrible God! oh, my father! I hear him — I hear him singing still! But no, never again! never again! I shall never hear him again! Those dreadful words are the last, the last, the last!"

And the weeping grew more convulsive; and the young heart that beat in Neil's breast seemed as if it would burst for very

pity. "My mother shall take you," he faltered out, as the only comfort he could think of. Then, as he looked despairingly round at the wild plants on the wild hill where those two young creatures sat in that chill mist of morning, he suddenly pressed her little shuddering fingers in his warm eager grasp.

"Effie," he said, "oh, Effie, try and listen. I cannot tell why it should come to me now — I have not thought of it for years — the memory of a little tradition my mother told me, long, long ago, when I was a child. It was a rider, a bad wild man, a robber, I think, who was careering over ground like this, rough, full of granite stones and slippery places, and his horse threw him, pitched him right overhead, and all that those who ran to help him heard was a frantic curse and a groan, and then silence, for he was dead. But when they came near the place, there was a strange plant grown there, a tall thistle with variegated leaves streaked with white, and upon the leaf, in irregular characters, these lines were traced: —

'Betwixt the stirrup and the ground,
Mercy was sought — and mercy found!'

My dear Effie, the story is a little wild fable, but God's endless mercy is no fable. Moments to Him may be years of ours, as years of ours are but seconds to Him. He knows the thoughts that would have changed all the heart. He knows if the dying would have lived a better life, and lived to serve Him. He knows, — oh, Effie, are you weeping still so bitterly; will nothing comfort you?"

"Oh, my father, my father! The dreadful, dreadful words!" sobbed Effie. "The dreadful, dreadful night! Oh, my heart is broken: my heart is all dark, for ever and ever and ever!"

As she spoke, as she sobbed, as she rocked to and fro, suddenly the mist lifted; the unequalled loveliness of that sight, only visible in the Highlands and among similar mountain scenery, burst on the gaze of the anxious lad, and the desolate girl by his side. The golden glory of sunrise broke over and under the floating clouds; the leaden lake turned blue, and rippled with silver lines; the far-off falls of Torrie burn, the white speck of its dwelling-house, the lovely towers of Glenrossie, and even the grim grey visionary rocks of Clochnaben, all caught a share of the tingling rays; and Neil's beautiful face — as he turned in wonder and admiration to this opening of the golden gates of morning — brightened with a rosy flush half

of emotion and half of the reflected light, and never looked more beautiful. Even Effie ceased to weep. A strange awe conquered sorrow for the moment. The large wild eyes, with their arrested tears sparkling on her pallid cheek, looked also at that wondrous glory of Nature; at the rolling veil of mist and the breaks of light under, the warmth and life that were stealing into the cold night-saddened scenery, and changing all as in a vision.

"Oh!" she said, "it is as if we saw it all from another world! Light has come."

"Yes, Effie," said her cousin, as he slowly turned from the radiance and fixed his earnest gaze on her face, "light *has* come; and so also mercy will come; 'Post tenebras, lux;' after the darkness, light. Doubt all the worth and goodness of man; doubt all things on earth: but never doubt the mercy of God in heaven, for that is *SURE*."

And as he spoke, they both rose, and struggled down the precipitous sides of the hill band in hand, or Effie's steps supported in difficult places by Neil's arm; till, weary, bewildered, exhausted, but with a sense of protection and consolation hovering round her, she reached at length the house of Torrieburn.

"The two cousins waited there together — oh, awful waiting! — for the return of that senseless weight which had gone forth a living man — for the return of those sent to seek the poor sinner who had passed away in the blank night singing blasphemous drunken songs on the hill-side — for Kenneth, no longer master of Torrieburn; no, longer grieved, or glad, or offending, or suffering, or existent among men — for the solemn coming of the strong-limbed Highlanders, who had gone to aid the keeper in the carrying home of "THE BODY."

CHAPTER LXV.

THE BOUNDLESS MERCY OF GOD.

BUT when those strong men came, — with heavy, even dreadful tread, — the burden that they bore was not a corpse! The doctor met them on the threshold, and Neil met them there, while Effie sat cowering in an inner chamber, feeling as if she had but one sense left — the sense of hearing, and that the beating in her ears disturbed even that.

The doctor met those men, and helped to lay their burden on a bed; and watched, and studied, and examined, and spoke in an under-voice to the old keeper, and kept silence for a little while, and watched again with

downcast eyes; and held Kenneth's clay-cold hand, and laid his own on Kenneth's heart. And then he spoke to Neil.

And Neil gave a short wild cry in his excitement, in his gladness, and rushed to that miserable room where slender Effie sat despairing and listening.

And innocently, in his boyish exultation of better news, he took that little dishevelled head and drew it to his bosom, and kissed it as he pressed her fondly to his breast — kissed it on the shining hair, and on the white smooth forehead, buried as the pale face was on his beating heart.

For Kenneth was not dead! He might live, or he might die; there was congestion of the brain, and danger, and horror, and all evil chances possible. But he was not dead!

"Effie, your father is not dead!" So spoke young Neil; and Effie, after the first throb of bewildered surprise, heard him and blessed him, and flew to that father's side whom she had so dreaded to see again; and smiled wild smiles at those Highland bearers; and flung herself into the old keeper's arms, and kissed his face and horny hairy hands, and called down God's blessing "on him and his;" and wept and smiled again, and kissed him again, till the old keeper wept too, and called her a "daft lassie," and lifted his bonnet from his honest pious brow, thanking Almighty God for His "special mercy that day."

That day; ay, and that night.

For in the dead of night — the third night — Kenneth awoke; awoke from his senseless slumber, and his heavy half life. He looked around him at visible objects: a dim light lit the room.

The hired village nurse who was there to wait upon him had sunk into a midnight sleep. Her wrinkled face — seamed with lines of care from obscure sorrows unknown to those who employed her — was sealed in that deep, fatigued slumber which nothing short of the cry of "Fire," or some equivalent event, could be expected to disturb. She was not watching: she was dreaming of watches more dear, more intimate, more sorrowful. She was dreaming of her own dear ones, her own lost ones, before she came to watch strangers for hire, withered and weary, and buried in sleep.

And another sleeper was there — Maggie! Maggie, who had been sent to in all haste, and had returned in wild hurry with the messenger. For she had kept her word well, had Maggie. Kenneth, imperious, insolent, oppressive to her old doited father, had been an exile from her heart. She had not seen his once-loved face for many a day;

she had stayed, as she said she would stay, with her parents. But Kenneth ill and dying in the cold mist on the hill-side, Kenneth suffering, and ruined, and alone, was once more suddenly her idol and treasure, "her ain bairn and bonny king o' men." She was ignorant, erring, homely: but love is grand, and holy, and divine; and mother's love, as it is the first, so also in its intensity is it the strongest upon earth. Lovely as is the scriptural promise of complete union between truly-knitted husband and wife — "they twain shall be one flesh" — a higher comparison yet waits on mother's love. No fleshly union is spoken of there, but it is made akin to, and one with, the eternal Spirit of God: "As a mother comforteth, so will I comfort you." Inspiration itself gave no more perfect image of love divine. Maggie, then, was there to nurse and comfort Kenneth; cradle-love was with the man forsaken by his untrue Spanish wife, and by the careless friends of dissolute hours; cradle-kisses were once more showered on his brow, and cheek, and pale, swollen lips. And even now, though animal nature preponderated in poor Maggie, and the anxiety of her soul failed to keep her body waking, there was something intensely fond and maternal in the attitude of her leaning head, with its rich masses of golden hair, scarcely yet dimmed with streaks of grey, and the large white arms and clasping hands stretched, even in slumber, across the pillows that supported the unconscious form of her Absalom.

She slept, and the nurse slept — heavily, profoundly.

But there was one sleepless watcher in that room. Effie had been put to bed; Maggie herself had assisted in that ceremony; had first boxed her weary ears for weeping and wishing to stay up, and had then sat down on the narrow bed, and wept with her loudly and grievously; till Effie had almost felt the new mystery of jealousy creep into her soul, as she had felt the new mystery of Death, at the evidence of a love for her father whose passion was so like her own.

And in the silent watches of the night, when the dim light was burning and gleaming down on those other sleepers, and no sound but their heavy breathing made life in the room, Effie glided from her inner chamber, and stood, pale and sad and slender, in her white night-dress, by Kenneth's bed-side.

Then it was that, as he opened his eyes, conscious of outward sight and sounds, he saw her like a white angel ascend and lightly kneel upon his bed; facing him, but with

eyes upturned to Heaven, while the fervent sorrowful tender voice sounded in his ears, speaking brief sentences broken by repressed sobs. "Oh God, dear God! let me be lonesome always, — or let me die in pain, great, wretched pain, — but let papa live and be a good man, — let papa live, and let me die instead. Amen."

Such were the words that greeted Kenneth, or seemed to greet him, in the dreamy night. Sweet mournful voice — sweet little mournful face! Is it a vision or reality that haunts him now?

It is reality, Kenneth — it is your own poor child — your young helpless daughter, praying thus to God.

All of a sudden, as comes a flash of irradiating light, there came to Kenneth's soul a consciousness unknown before. This was, indeed, his child — his own flesh and blood and spirit; part of himself; the better, the more innocent part of himself. And she was praying — not for herself, not for blessings to her own life, but for HIM. Willing to die, to suffer, to be in "wretched pain!" for his sake; to save *him*; to rescue *him* from some unknown evil; from the wrath of God!

With a feeble hollow voice, in the depth and darkness of night, Kenneth called to his child. "Effie, my little Effie, is it you?"

"Oh, papa! oh, my blessed and beloved papa, yes; oh, father, yes, it is I! I am here."

Then Kenneth said, with a groan, "Pray for me, Effie — I dare not pray for myself."

"Pray for me." Who shall doubt that God permits children to be our angels on earth? "I say to you, that *their* angels do always behold the face of our Father which is in heaven." ALWAYS. Not in vague glimpses, as to our baser and more clay-loaded natures, but always. Oh blessed privilege, of dwelling in the light that never is withdrawn!

So in the murky night, while the nurse and poor Maggie slept, God's angels woke; and the slender child, dawning towards womanhood, woke also, and prayed for her wretched father.

And it seemed to Kenneth as if scales fell from his eyes while she prayed. His selfishness his, insolent insubordination, his sinful passion for Gertrude, his want of tenderness and pity to his poor mother the ignorant loving Maggie, with all her faults and all her virtues; his ceaseless ingratitude to his uncle; all smote and stabbed him to the heart sharply as a two-edged sword. God's mercy was dealing with him; God visited him, and spoke to him with that mysterious voice heard by the first sinners in Paradise

"walking in the garden in the cool of the day." And in that midnight hour, on the wings of that child's prayer, the repentance of Kenneth went up to heaven. "Have mercy, Lord, and create a new spirit within me," was all poor Kenneth said, for he was unused to prayer.

But God asks not for human eloquence. The publican who smote on his breast with the brief petition, "God be merciful to me a sinner," went down to his house justified rather than the other. "God forgive me, was Kenneth's murmured prayer. "God have mercy on my dear, dear father," was Effie's simple reiteration of yearning petition. Did the angels hear and bear it to the foot of the Almighty's throne? — Assuredly they did. And in the morning Kenneth lay sad, and weak, but sensible, with his little Effie by him; and he scrupled not to own to that devoted child that he felt as if he had been blind all his life; and that suddenly God had healed him, and caused him to see the selfish, sinful, strange rebellious course which he had taken continually in the bygone years. So Kenneth repented! In feebleness, bitterness, sickness, and humbleness, never to be the same man again; but with a deep and true repentance, abjectly sincere. There are resurrections on earth other than the one which leads from death to immortality. There are illustrations of God's beautiful emblem of divine change in the bursting of the dull chrysalid case to let the winged Psyche forth, other than the one illustration of coffined clay, from which the imprisoned soul escapes and ascends to glory.

The *lesser* resurrections, of our world, are daily round us. Memories of good; and words of forgotten prayers; and voices of friends neglected; and lessons of life from which we turned impatiently, as children from dry tasks — these all may rise again; in no spectral light, but clad in gleams of glory; rise, like the fountain in the desert that quenched the thirst of perishing Ishmael when all around seemed but barren sand; rise, as the good thought rose in the dissolute prodigal's heart while he fed the foul swine despairing; and turn our steps back, like his, into the long-forsaken track of peace, which shall lead at last to our Father's mercy and a heavenly home.

"God has given me the treasure I least deserved," Kenneth said, as he lay with one weak hand locked in his mother's, and the other caressingly folding his child's head to his cheek. "I have this good dear child; and I was such a bad son to you, mother!"

And poor Maggie's wide blue eyes opening in mingled amazement, pity, and passionate affection, she answered in a sort of confused rapture, "Oo! Kenneth, my lad, I loo ye mair than if ye'd been the best son to me that iver lived; but I'll loo ye mair and mair noo that ye're sae sick and sorry."

And sick and sorry Kenneth continued for a long time. It was not to be expected that such a shock, to an already broken constitution, should pass and leave no traces. He spoke with difficulty; walked with difficulty; a general and unnatural feebleness, such as is often the forerunner of paralysis, deadened his faculties. He leaned heavily on Effie (who loved to be so leaned upon), and told her, with a smile, she was his "live walking-stick." He sat mute and unoccupied; looking out into space, into vacancy; he was no longer the Kenneth they had known, but another Kenneth altogether.

Dear, inexpressibly dear to them! They judged him not; they blamed him not; they desired only to serve and tend him. And Effie's wistful eyes followed and rested on him as a dog watches for his master; and, in all the little household cares and medical appliances that fell to her lot to perform, she "did her spiring gently," as Ariel in the island of storms before the wand of Prospero was broken.

CHAPTER LXVI.

GERTRUDE HAS A NEW TROUBLE.

WHEN Neil narrated to his mother the events of that agitated morning, he was amazed that she did not express her intention of instantly going to Torrieburn to tend and comfort Effie, — amazed and disappointed.

"Whatever Kenneth has done to anger my father, poor dear Effie cannot have offended him! Indeed, the Torrieburn agent told me of his generous intentions, that in buying Torrieburn it should be settled on Effie: why then can you not go to her? Oh! mother, she is so forlorn and miserable!"

Gertrude wept.

"My boy," she said, "you cannot think I do not pity Effie. You shall write to your father what has happened. When he knows — when he hears" —

She paused, choked with painful emotion.

"When he knows and hears, mother," said Neil, hotly, "he will wonder that all

from this house have not gone to Effie in her distress.

"Forgive me, forgive me, my own dearest mother!" he suddenly added, as his mother leaned back with closed eyes, through the lids of which the tears she tried to check were stealing.

But he was restless and unsatisfied. He withdrew to a distant window, in the sunny morning room, and took up a book and tried to read. Then suddenly he tossed the book from him, and looked wistfully from the window in the direction of Torrieburn.

"When I am a man," he said, in a proud, resolved tone, so like the voice of old Sir Douglas that it thrilled through his mother's brain, "when I am a man I will marry my Cousin Effie, and take her away from all that misery; I have determined on that."

"God forbid!" exclaimed Gertrude; and her startled gaze was fixed on her son, as if measuring the interval between herself and that new misery.

"When I am a man." The tall, lithe, handsome lad who had carried his cousin across the moors, and now stood in such an attitude of proud independence, stating his premature determination as to the most serious matter that can affect human existence!

"When I am a man!" The waters of Marah flowed over the soul of his mother. A new strange visionary perception seemed given to her, — a future in which some other love should be beyond and above her love in her son's heart, and be thwarted on her account, for some fault which she was supposed to have committed. Her Neil's heart perhaps following his strong boyish fancy and breaking with grief! For how could Sir Douglas ever agree to a marriage between his son and Kenneth's daughter? And therefore Gertrude exclaimed, "God forbid!" with more passion than she generally spoke.

And it really seemed as if the new misery was dawning from that moment, for Neil's lovely indignant eyes flashed through something very like tears, and his lips trembled as he hastily answered, "Mother, I did not think you could be so cruel! Whatever Uncle Kenneth has done (and of course I see that you also have quarrelled with him, as well as my father), that dear girl can have sinned against no one. She has no mother to comfort her; no lady friend; nothing but Mrs. Ross Heaton. Oh! poor Effie, — poor cousin; if you could have seen her coming down the hill — if you could have seen her, pale, pale face and

ruffled damp hair, and damp clothes, in which she had lain on the hill all night! Oh! I must go and see how she is this evening," continued he, excitedly; "I must go. I did so hope you would have come. I thought we should have gone together. I must see Effie! I must! I will not be longer away than I can help."

And the passionate scion of a passionate race opened the door of the morning room hurriedly as he spoke; held the lock in his hand a moment, looking wistfully back, as though he half expected his mother to change her mind; and then, closing it hastily, ran down stairs, and out over the hill. Over the boundary line of Glenrossie, where the white heather grew which Effie had sought the day his detested Aunt Ailie had struck at her with the little sharp riding whip; he saw it now, flickering a moment in the air, like a snake's tongue, and then coming down so viciously on the thin white shoulder and slender arm! Over that boundary, into the lands of Torrieburn, and on to the Falls, and past the Falls, to the house; and into the sick chamber where Effie watched. Pale weary Cousin Effie; with her small white hands tightly clasped together in her lap, in a sort of agony of uncertainty and anxiety.

He looked at Kenneth, and sat down by her, by the bedside. She answered in the lowest whisper his whispered greeting, and then those two sat silent, hand in hand, for a while; both looking only at the face of the sick man.

Then, when the time for parting came, Neil motioned her to follow him to the outer door, and spoke in his own earnest voice, unrestrained by the necessary quiet of that painful sick room.

"Effie, dear, you look paler than ever; take care of yourself; eat and drink, and strive to be strong. You know you cannot nurse your father, or help in any way, if you fall ill yourself. And you will be ill — I am sure you will — if you don't take care."

And the young radiant eyes anxiously perused the face of the tender girl, and the young heart sighed, still thinking his mother should be there.

"I will come every day, Effie," he resumed; "every morning and every evening. Expect me; I will never fail. I shall have no thought but you, till I see you better."

"Oh! do come," said the young girl, faintly. "It helps me so. The morning I do well enough, but the evenings are so

eerie; and I dare not make it light enough to read, for the doctor says all should be so dark and still."

"I'll come, Effie."

And with the firm quick words, he stepped lightly from the threshold, and trod with a firm quick step the distance that lay between her home and his. Her home for ever! He was glad of that. He loved his father for having thought of that. It was noble, generous, like his father. He comprehended, he knew, how hopeless the helping of Kenneth had been; it was the common gossip of the old keeper and others in the place. Neil could not choose but know it: and bad Kenneth had justly forfeited all right to his estate. But it was a beautiful thought of his father, to forego the possession of Torrieburn, to buy it, and settle it on the ruined man's only child. Ah, what could be the quarrel between Glenrossie and Torrieburn, bitter enough to divide them so? What could make his mother keep aloof from innocent Effie? What?

That mother sat buried in mournful thought, till his return. The evening meal passed away untasted: the book which had been occupying her was unread: and, when Neil's fond good-night kiss was accompanied by a murmured prayer for pardon "if he had spoken hastily before he went out," she shook her head, and returned the kiss with passionate tenderness; but there was no explanation between them.

And, as every morning Neil went out with more restless impatience, a little earlier than the day before, to Torrieburn, and every evening returned a little later, feeding his lingering eyes on Effie's farewell smile, as she stood like a small white statue under the dark fir-trees — Gertrude's sadness deepened more and more; and she wrote a cheerless, anxious letter to Lorimer Boyd, telling him how it was with them all, and her grievous perplexity of heart.

CHAPTER LXVII.

LORIMER WRITES ABOUT KENNETH.

LORIMER BOYD's answer — to adopt the foreign phraseology of the Earl his brother — "ne se fit pas attendre." He wrote by return of post. "Take the boy instantly away from Scotland," he said. "Even if it was understood between you and Douglas (which I cannot see) that he was always to spend his holiday at Glenrossie, and that your enjoyment of his society was limited to meeting him there, the peculiar circum-

stances would justify you in making some different arrangement. Take him away instantly. He is not so young but this fancy may give you more trouble than you can foresee. Part him and that poor child, in mercy to both; and in pity, to yourself. I can see that you are ill, in every line of your letter. Leave Scotland; go somewhere to the sea-side, and let dear Neil sail and boat about during the remainder of his holidays. I have written to Lady Charlotte. I hope she will forgive my frightening her a little about you.

"Neil's account of Kenneth may be quite correct, but I very much mistrust it. I don't wish to speak ill of my countrymen, but I never yet saw a remorseful Scotchman, or a penitent Scotchwoman. The Caledonian mind takes quite a different view of the condition of souls (or at least of their own souls) from that generally taken by Christian folk. Something of the energetic obstinacy with which they pursue worthy and estimable aims overflows and tinges their notions of conduct less praiseworthy. We are told that we should be prepared to give a reason for the faith that is in us. A Scotchman or Scotchwoman is always prepared to give a reason for the *sin* that is in him or her. Justification by faith with them means faith in their own justification. And this not only individually, but for all of their own kith and kin. It is quite astonishing to see a whole family of the severest prudes placidly contented with their family sinner, and convinced that *her* sin was, and is, most rationally excusable, even while hunting full cry after some alien outsider who does not belong to them. I am sure, if *we* had such a thing as a family sinner amongst us, at least of the female sex — I am myself the nearest example of it, I suppose, among the males — that even my mother, whose severity is known to you, would hold all her 'dictums' in suspense for the occasion. There is an anti-Magdalenism in the Northern constitution. No Scottish Mary staunches her tears with her hair; though those lovely penitents are generally painted with golden locks, possibly to enhance and show the difficulty and value of their repentance: nor does the Scottish Peter go out and weep bitterly under a conviction of his own irresolution in the path of virtue. It is weakness to lose your self-esteem, and weakness is a thing the Scottish mind abhors. We struggle for that self-esteem under the most untoward circumstances; as a man shipwrecked, and losing a hundred times its value, dives down into the cabin for his watch.

"When Kenneth Ross gets better, we may probably see in him a fair illustration of the impressive and agreeable distich —

'When the Devil was sick, the Devil a saint would be;

But, when the Devil got well, the Devil a saint was he!'

"I know this letter will make you angry. I am glad of it. It will rouse you, and do you good. Write and scold me.

"And yet — forgive my bitterness. How can I be otherwise than bitter against one who has caused you so much — such unmerited sorrow? This man may be a true penitent. There may be more joy over him than ever there will be over me, however great may be my needs in that way; but till we see how the fag-end of this misspent life turns out, and how far

'Vows made in pain, as violent as void,'

are held to when pain is over, let us not trust too implicitly to the existence of that angelic chorus which we cannot hear.

"I shall be anxious to know what Douglas writes in answer to Neil's communication. Yours ever,

"LORIMER BOYD."

A tender frightened letter from Lady Charlotte followed, speaking of Scotland as if it had suddenly become Nova Zembla, and adjuring Gertrude to remember that her father had died of consumption, "though he was taken everywhere, dear, to be cured and saved," and with some "inconsequence" following up this dreary admission with the sentence —

"Therefore come at once (or as soon as you can) to the Isle of Wight, where I have already written to take a pastoral cottage" (what Lady Charlotte meant by "pastoral" must remain a matter of conjecture) "very near the sea, and away from people — though I must say I do *that* to please you dearest Gertie, for I do not like living only with shrimps — I mean not seeing one's neighbours; not that one's neighbours are always neighbourly, and I'm sure you have reason to think so; though the ones far off are not a bit better than the neighbouring neighbours; witness my cousin Clochnaben, who has written most spiteful and cruel things even now. And she says Kenneth Ross is *shamming*, in order to get you back again, but you are afraid to go to him now, and all sorts of things of that sort. I'm sure I hope people won't think I took the

pastoral cottage because we were afraid or ashamed either; but I thought *you* would like it best, and that was my reason, and the first week begins next Thursday; so I do hope you and Neil will set out; and tell him there are two boatmen, and thousands of eggs that he can have. I mean the boatmen, and they will amuse him. The birds sit screaming on the rocks, and I wish they would not, for it has such a melancholy sound; but you like those sort of things. And so God bless you my own dear Gertie, and bring you safe to

"Your affectionate Mum,
"C. S.

"P.S. — I have got such a pretty seaside dress, dark-blue, with a quantity of white embroidery — much prettier than black; and I am pleased with it, though my cousin Clochnaben said she hated that sort of dress, and that it made women look as if they were *tattooed* like savages. Very rude, wasn't it?

"C. S.

"P.S. No. 2. — Get yourself a dark-blue linsey-wolsey, my dear Gertie, and don't cough."

And Gertie read — and sighed — and pondered — and told Niel that she did not feel well, that her mother had taken a cottage in the Isle of Wight for them, and that the rest of his holidays would be spent there. A sentence she pronounced very hurriedly and timidly, possessed as she was by a vague painful expectation of Neil "flying out," and refusing to leave the hills that enshrined his cousin Effie.

She mistook — as we do continually mistake even those we love best. Neil no sooner took in the fact that she had been suffering uncomplainingly, and required this change, than he passionately embraced her, expressing himself in broken sentences of self-blame for "being such a brute" as not to see that she was ill — "so selfish" to require to have it explained to him — "so inexcusable" not guessing that it would be better for her to get out of the cold mists of the hills to a better climate.

And with the last sentence the colour suddenly flushed his cheek, for he thought of Effie; and he looked eagerly in his mother's face, dreaming, "If we could but take my cousin with us!"

But he saw nothing in that sweet face but a look of pain and faintness, now becoming habitual.

His farewell to Effie was sad and fervent.

She was to write every day, or rather every evening, at the hour that would be so blank and dismal when he should have departed; when his active bounding step should no longer cross the moor, nor his strenuous young arm shorten time by rowing the coble across the lake — when the morning light must come, whether in mist or sunshine, without his radiant eyes; and the evening close in without his comforting voice to cheer her.

Effie wept bitterly. The last he saw of her she was weeping, and turning from his lingering farewell gaze to weep anew within the house.

He thought of those tears all the long day in the railway carriage, starting next morning for England, watching the pale meek countenance of his mother seated opposite to him, and wondering anew what the bitter, bitter quarrel could have been that made Kenneth an alien, and his poor little daughter a banished creature from Glenrossie and the love of its inhabitants.

And his mother, as she stole furtive glances at his restless, passionate, handsome face, felt the cold poison of doubt creep through her heart as she thought,

"Oh! will the day ever come when even my boy Niel shall love me less?"

And she thought, if that day ever came, death would be so welcome.

CHAPTER LXVIII.

TRACES OF JAMES FRERE.

LADY CHARLOTTE felt rather ill-used by the increasing ill health and depression of spirits of her daughter. She wrote a somewhat peevish and deprecatory letter to Lorimer Boyd: "I took a pretty pastoral cottage here, as you advised; and indeed only because you advised it, for I don't much fancy pastoral things myself; only, Gertie having such reliance on your judgment and your kindness, I thought it for the best to do as you said. But you are quite mistaken in saying she would be the better for it: she is not the least better, rather worse; and she has a cough that keeps me always remembering her poor father; which is very distressing. I wish you could come from Vienna, for she is certainly better when you are in the way to talk and read to her. I am sure I would read to her with pleasure, but I don't understand or relish the sort of books, and it is not the same thing; and she doesn't care for news, and I don't know what to do with her. She has left off walking, and lies on the sofa looking at the sea;

and all I can get from her is, "I don't feel very strong to-day, little mother."

"Now, of course, when you told me I should do her good by coming here, all this is very disappointing; and I hope you will write to her and advise her not to fret; for I know she is fretting; and the hard thing upon me is, that she frets more now than she did, though nothing new has happened; and though she used to be so fond of pastoral places, and I have got a cottage at Bonchurch just like the one in Moore's "Melodies," about Love and Hope, you know — where "he opened the window and flew away." The roses climb right over the roof, and so does the clematis, and, except that there are gnats at night (in spite of a little beginning of frost), she might be so very comfortable! I wish we had never come across these Rosses of Glenrossie, for what with their tempers and the things that are said, and Gertrude taking a turn so unexpected, I am quite sick with vexation. I wish she had married *any* quiet man, — yourself even, — rather than that things should be as they are. Neil is well; and I go out sometimes to see that he don't drown himself. I mean, to see that he has the right boatmen with him; for he is venturesome and reckless to a degree; a Ross all over, and as passionate as any of them; but a dear boy too. And even he can't get Gertrude's spirits up; for she says, 'Oh my Neil,' 'Oh my Niel!' in such a begging voice, it quite makes one's heart ache; and, when he tries to guess what she would have, and says if it frightens her, this boating, he'll give it up — she shakes her head, and says, 'No, dearest, it is not that!' But she never says what it is; and it is so unlike my Gertie to be so unreasonable."

And Lorimer, pondering much over this somewhat *decousue* account of matters, wrote, as lady Charlotte desired, advising Gertrude "not to fret," and showing her why she ought not to fret. And he wrote also to Neil, — a long letter, taking the most vehement interest in the boating and boats, their sailing qualities and tonnage, and narrating adventures of his own in boyish days, and curious anecdotes of various kinds, all more or less connected with this new pursuit. For he thought the eager mind and body of the lad would be all the better for an absorbing occupation of that kind.

He was right.

Cousin Effie's letters came, and were most welcome, and fondly answered. But, after a post or two, they were often pocketed to read "as soon as he should be afloat in the *Sea Gull*;" and the shifting of a sail or

handling of a rope would cause him to look up, and break the thread of Effie's simple and tender sentences; once, indeed, entirely lost to him; for a stiff breeze in rounding a rock, and a sudden rainbow, so engaged Neil's attention, that he suffered the open letter to escape from his hand, and only became aware of the fact, by seeing it flutter and rest like a little white bird on a distant wave, sweep over the next, and then disappear for good.

Even then, Neil bore the deprivation with very cheerful philosophy; sensibly reflecting that he had seen the first line or two, beginning, "Papa is better, and things get more and more comfortable;" and taking for granted that "all the rest of it" was in the same satisfactory strain.

It was on one of the occasions when Lady Charlotte went down to the beach with him, "to see that he did not drown himself," that an event occurred which thrilled her timid soul with extreme terror.

She was walking along a lonely bit of shore by Black Gang Chine, when a man who was sauntering in the same direction came near and joined her, as it seemed, in her walk. He was not a gentleman, nor a common sailor; Lady Charlotte could not make out what he was. She felt a mixture of anger and fear at his self-imposed companionship; and looked anxiously about for Neil; but Neil was nowhere to be seen.

At last she summoned courage, and asked the man which way he was going, whether he "wanted any thing;" "money or any thing?" The man laughed, and said he would be very glad of anything the lady pleased to bestow. But even, after pocketing the half-crown which followed his reply, he continued to walk by her side. "I do mostly walk this way," he said. "I've had a hard tussle with a mate of mine, and I'm on the look-out to see him again. You see, ma'am, I'm a smuggler; or rather I *was* a smuggler; but, getting acquainted with a farmer's daughter here, she over-persuades me like to give up them sort of ways; and her father, he made a point of it, saying no man should have his daughter that did not get his livin' in a honest way; and there was plenty of honest ways without smuggling. Well, I resolves to cut the concern, and I goes to my mate (there was two of us) and says, 'Give me my half-share of the value of the boat, for I'm going to leave her!' It didn't please him; and we had a wrangle; and he says, 'Leave you may; but the value of the boat you don't get.' I said I would; he said I shouldn't; and, when high words had passed, he clinched

them with these words — 'She's a smuggling craft, and you'll hardly be able to take the law of me to get her value; so be off, like a sneaking fellow as you are.' Well, I'd depended on the money for getting things for my Mary, and I thought, and thought, and thought how to be revenged on him; and sure enough in the night I went where the boat lay in the cove ready for her next run, and I sawed, and cut, and worked with a will, I can tell you, till half the boat was no more use than splinters, and then I stuck up a board with a paper on it with his own words written, against he should come: 'She's a smuggling craft, and you'll hardly be able to take the law of me.'"

"Oh gracious! how could you?" exclaimed Lady Charlotte, looking fearfully at the stern profile of her unwelcome companion as he walked by her side.

"Well, you see, he was hindering me of my Mary. And he was all rags when he come here, when first I put him in the way of earning; and we'd made many a trip together, and he's over to the French coast now, among friends of mine! I only wish —"

His countenance was so fierce as he wished — whatever the wish might be — that Lady Charlotte stopped short in her walk, and stood tremblingly feeling in her reticule for more money. She found a sovereign, with which, in her agitation, she presented him, saying, civilly, "I really am very sorry for you, but you see you should not — you really shouldn't — be so unfor-giving!"

Then, as she beheld the very welcome sight of Neil approaching with his boatmen, she recovered herself enough to smile a little; and she said, "I thought, at one time, that perhaps you were thinking of robbing me, do you know?"

"Well, I *was* thinking of it," said the man carelessly; "but I didn't know who might be up among the rocks there, or whether that very young gent coming mightn't be coming to you; and, besides, you seemed such a harmless soul to take advantage of. But" —

He stopped suddenly; his eye lit, and flashed like a signal-gun. "By —, there he is!" he exclaimed, as he darted down the rough shore. Lady Charlotte looked in that direction, and saw two figures — a man in the garb of a common sailor, and a female neatly dressed in rather a foreign peasant style. They were near enough for her to be perfectly able to distinguish both face and form; and in the common sailor she recognised — with extreme alarm — the ever-changing adventurer, James Frere —

and in the foreign-looking woman, however disguised, most certainly AILIE!

They were landing when she first observed them. On seeing the man who had been the companion of her walk running towards them, they stood still. Then James Frere leaped back again into the boat, holding out his hand to his companion, who lightly followed his example; and he pushed off from the shore just as the breathless smuggler reached the water's edge. The man shouted and swore; Frere laughed, and shook an oar menacingly at him. Then a boy, lying at the bottom of the boat — and a man in her, whom they had not yet perceived — shook out the sail, and with a bound and a dip in the waters she was off again, soon to appear only like a white speck in the distance!

The smuggler stood a while watching that boat as she danced over the waves. Then he slowly returned to the spot where Neil had rejoined Lady Charlotte.

"Good evening, ma'am," he said, "and thank you! As to yon man, I'll have him yet. His things are all here. He'll need to come back before many days are out — I'll give information." And he strode away slowly over the sands.

If Lady Charlotte could have doubted the accuracy of her own vision, all doubt would have been removed by Neil, who, flushed and eager, said to her, as he came up, "There's that man I saw change his clothes in the railway — he's in the boat. I can't mistake him — he has a most strange countenance. It is he — I'll swear to him. Look, Mamma Charlotte!"

"Yes," thought Lady Charlotte, "and I'll swear to Alice Ross." And, when she regained the little gate of the "pastoral" cottage, she passed in very quickly, and told Gertrude the adventure.

"And is it not too dreadful, Gertie, his always coming up through a trap-door in this sort of way? — I mean like a demon who comes up, you know, through a trap-door."

CHAPTER LXIX.

JAMES FRERE IS RECOGNISED BY ANOTHER PERSON.

POOR Lady Charlotte! She was doomed in this tranquil and pastoral retreat to all sorts of agitating scenes connected with the gentleman who thus came up continually, as it were, through a trap-door!

She was standing — as she herself ex-

pressed it — "most harmlessly" talking about the washing of her fine muslins and embroidered cuffs with an old washerwoman, whose pride it was that "she was the principallist laundress of these parts, and washed for the principallist gentry by the sea-side."

The good old soul continued ironing all the time she talked, and looking down with affectionate smiles upon the linen benefited by her manipulation.

"Ah!" she said, "all the visitors comes to me that *can*; and it's a real treat to me to see the valets, and lady's-maids, and such folk, coming here as soft-spoken as need be, a-begging and a-praying of me to give *their* lady or *their* gentleman the preference — for I can't do all. But I mostly prefers the gentlemen's, and some of them is really wonderful! Lord Sinclair's — his be pretty shirts enough, to iron — werry smooth, soft linen. And Captain Greig's, — them *are* beauties; all worked across the *breastesses* — to be sure, how they be worked! And Colonel Vavasour's — his be wonderful, too. And Mr. Gordon's — his'n has little frills down the fronts; they be a deal o' trouble, surely, them little frills; but they're a real pleasure to look at, when the Italian iron's been under 'em. And here's a thing was sent me to wash, that looks for all the-world like somebody's skin, but was sent here by a woman they calls a West Injian. They did say she was a wild savage — but, if she be a savage, she be werry unlike *my* notion of the creatures, for she's as soft a spoken woman as ever I seed; but this thing is made of pink flannel, to cover her from head to foot, for she shivers with the cold here, and she comes from some warm island — I'm sure I forgets the name — but it's beyond seas, and there's a governor, and he's as good as king there.

"La! if she ain't coming this minute, and I not half ready."

The aged washerwoman ironed with redoubled diligence; but, before the ironing was done, the door of the cottage was darkened, and in came a sad-looking, sallow woman, past the flower of youth, but still with claims to beauty, her eyes passing languidly over all objects as she advanced, as if nothing in life was much worth noticing, and resting at last in quiet contemplation on the pink flannel garment. You saw at once that she was a Creole, but a gentlewoman.

"Is it finished?" she said, with a soft drawl. "Give it me if it is finished."

The old washerwoman passed a final sweep of the warm iron over the sleeves of the garment in question; flattened, folded, and again passed the iron over; and then,

pinning it in a white handkerchief, presented it to the new-comer.

As she did so, the threshold of her cottage was again shadowed, and close to Lady Charlotte — close to the Creole — passed in James Frere, followed by Alice Ross.

The latter started visibly at sight of Lady Ross's mother. Fearless as she was, her presence of mind forsook her. She grasped James Frere's arm anxiously.

"Oh, come away; come away from this place!" she said, in an agitated whisper.

But James Frere was absorbed in another recognition. Another hand lay on his arm, and the languid Creole's eyes were warm with wonder and anger.

"Ah, James, do I see you at last! You cruel James!"

There was an effort on the part of Frere to affect unconsciousness, to affect strangeness; but he also seemed, in the bewilderment of the moment, to lose his self-possession.

"Anita!" he exclaimed.

"Yes, you cruel! Anita! And now she has found you, she will not again be left. Oh, James, how could you leave me without one word? To wake and find you gone! Oh, James!"

Alice Ross had hitherto stood speechless and motionless, her glittering eyes only, seeming to have some movement in them, rippling like a green gleam over the ocean wave. But, as the Creole accompanied the last words by a passionate seizure of Frere's arm, she sprang upon her like a tigress, and shook her off, crying with shrill anger, — "Woman, how dare you call my husband JAMES? How dare you call him by his Christian name before *me*, whatever your intimacy may have been?"

"My intimacy? Your husband?" laughed the Creole. "This man is married as much as law can marry him, to *me*. I am his wife, — his lawful wife, and I will claim him — for I have a son — even though he deserted me in Jamaica."

CHAPTER LXX.

AILIE SURPRISED.

THERE was a brief, stormy explanation; incontestible and uncontested truths were evolved from Frere's past history; and at last the Creole, coming close to shuddering Ailie, murmured to her in a voice choked with passion, "Are you so mean a spirit? Would you not some revenge? I am his wife. You are nothing but his mistress. Have you children? I have a son. Think

not that I will forego my claim. All is not for myself. Will you not prosecute for bigamy, as they can in your country? If not, that will I do."

"Nothing but his mistress!" "Nothing but his mistress!" The words beat backwards and forward in Ailie's brain. At last, she spoke: she hissed the words fiercely through her teeth:

"Deny it!" she said, without looking at him; "deny it!"

"Nonsense!" said Frere, contemptuously. "You must have known it was so. In the bitter gossip reported to Sir Douglas it was told. You knew it. Don't be affected. You knew it."

The light in Ailie's eyes flickered like a flame of phosphorus.

"I did not know it!" she said; and then, looking the Creole over from head to foot, she said, as if to herself, "Did he marry a *slave*?"

"I am no slave, but a planter's daughter!" angrily retorted the Creole, "and you had best keep your contempt for your own position. I am as educated as you are — richer than you are. My father is dead, and I have come to England. I claim my husband; but he shall be punished. My many nights of tears — he shall pay them. I will prosecute him by your laws — I will prosecute him."

Ailie looked at the man whose evil influence had joined with *her* evil, to create confusion in her destiny. A chill trembling seized her.

"Yes," she said, "you shall suffer. Call vainly on me when your punishment comes — call vainly. I will crush you, I will tread you into the earth. Deceiver!"

Two or three boatmen gathered round the door, attracted by the sound of voices in dispute. Others joined them. Among them came the smuggler. He sprang on Frere, and wrestled and strove to hold him. In a moment a knife glittered in the air; it grazed the bending head of Alice in its descent, and struck the smuggler's breast; was lifted once more, — the warm blood dropping from its pointed blade on the women's dresses, and the linen the aged washer-woman had been garrulously gossiping about, — and descended yet more vehemently. They seized him. "Devils, let me go!" he said, and turning, shook himself free, and fled over the shore.

He was pursued, but not taken. Swift of foot, and wiry of limb, he reached an almost inaccessible crag, lifted a huge broken piece of stone, and flung it below, scattering his pursuers as it rolled down with dust and

fragments of the rock from one pointed peak to another, and coming at last with a dead resounding thump upon the shore.

When they looked up, he was gone! Some said he had himself fallen into the ocean, in his frantic efforts to crush those who stood below; some that he had slid down the smooth face of the cliff, and endeavoured, by swimming and diving, to reach a distant point where there was a pathway which led to the sea.

But this much was certain, that, stare as they would along the yellow curves and indentations of the sandy shore, or up by the grey rocks where the sea-fowl sat mute or rose screaming into the air, no object re-

sembling a human form dotted the distance.

James Frere was dead, or had escaped. And Ailie, too, had vanished, when Lady Charlotte at last recovered sufficiently from the horrors of the scene to look consciously on objects near her.

Ailie had vanished. Only the Creole woman stood there; wiping her bespattered shoulder and neck, and gazing down as in a dream on the smuggler, stretched on the floor; his strong right hand still vainly clutching the folds of linen he caught as he fell, — caught, as the drowning wretch catches at the bending reed, that goes down with him into the darkness and the depths of overwhelming death.

From the Galaxy.

WHO INVENTED SEWING-MACHINES ?

In the "Atlantic Monthly" for May there appeared a lively article, by a skilful and popular author, called "History of the Sewing-Machine." The substance of that sketch fell far short of its title; for it turned out mainly to be a glorification of Elias Howe, Jr., a single one of many patentees. Its tone was that of an article written expressly to promote the pecuniary interests of Mr. Howe, and in opposition to the interests of the public. It is generally understood among the patentees and manufacturers of sewing-machines that Mr. Howe, after having enjoyed the monopoly given him by his patent of September, 1846, for the original term of *fourteen* years, and having had an extension of it for *seven* years longer, and having received from the public for the use of his invention about *two millions of dollars*, now actually designs to apply to Congress for a further extension of his patent. The question, then, is simply this: Shall Mr. Howe, who has already been overpaid for his inventive labors, even had they the merit he claims for them, and who has enjoyed all the monopoly the law ever contemplates, now be favored by special act of Congress with a gratuity of two million dollars more?

To state this proposition would seem to be enough to condemn it.

To furnish the slightest basis for so rapacious a claim, it would be first of all necessary for Mr. Howe to magnify his own inventions at the expense of others. Foremost among inventors of sewing-machines stands Walter Hunt. The gross injustice done to this great name in the magazine just referred to demands reparation. It is not the purpose of the present article to discriminate between the existing sewing-machines. Its object is rather to vindicate the memory of a man whose invention overtops them all, in the grand merit of originality, and whose successful labors so far antedated all others that there need be no dispute about his laurels. That Mr. Howe, especially, never can deprive him of his hard-earned fame, we shall easily be able to prove. We assert and can show:

First. Elias Howe was not the first patentee of a sewing-machine. No less than six different patents for sewing-machines were secured in France, England and the United States before the date of Howe's patent, and before the date of his alleged invention. This is matter of historical record, and there can be no mistake about it.

Second. Howe was not the original inventor of the *valuable devices* contained in

the machine patented by him. The specification of claim in his patent contains presumptive evidence that he was informed and knew that another person had preceded him as the inventor of the combination of needle and shuttle to form the interlocked stitch with two threads.

Third. Walter Hunt, of the City of New York, was the original and first inventor of the sewing-machine in which an eye-appointed needle and a shuttle were successfully employed to make the interlocked stitch.

The records of the United States Patent Office, since the month of May, 1854, have contained the evidence—accessible to all the world—that Walter Hunt made the invention in question, and completed, and exhibited, and sold a sewing-machine *ten years* before Howe pretends that he constructed his first machine.

It was between the years 1832 and 1834 that Walter Hunt, in his own workshop in Amos Street, in the City of New York, invented, built, and put in full and effective operation a machine for sewing, stitching, and seaming cloth. This first machine was made principally by the inventor's own hands and, on its successful completion, one or more others were built, Walter Hunt's brother, Adoniram, assisting him. It was the pioneer sewing-machine of America, and the first really successful one of the world. There had already been a French invention, a tambour machine for ornamenting gloves, of very little general utility. These machines of Walter Hunt all contained the invention of the curved needle with the eye near the point, the shuttle and their combination, and they originated the famous interlocked stitch with two threads. Many samples of cloth were perfectly sewn by these machines, and many of the friends and neighbors of the inventor came to see them work. At length one G. A. Arrowsmith was so well satisfied with the working of the machines, that he bought them, in 1834, and therewith the right to obtain letters-patent. But no sooner had Arrowsmith got this right (which the thousand other schemes of Walter Hunt's teeming brain induced him to part with on easy terms), than he became impressed both with the vastness of the undertaking and with the prejudice which any scheme apparently tending to impoverish poor seamstresses would awaken. At the same time he became involved in pecuniary disaster from speculations and from unlucky business projects, and for years did nothing with the machine. Meanwhile, Hunt was turning

out other new inventions, and selling them for a trifle to other men.

Fortunately for his fame, many people had seen his machines work, and had seen them sew a good, strong and handsome stitch, and form seams better than hand-sewing. Of these, no less than six directly testified to this fact in a suit afterward brought (hereafter alluded to), and established the fact beyond question that Walter Hunt invented the first sewing-machine, and that it contained the curved, eye-pointed needle at the end of a vibrating arm with a shuttle. The case itself was decided upon another point. These affidavits are still in existence. But this was not all. Fifteen years after he had sold his machines to Arrowsmith, who lost a fortune and a name in not devoting himself to their reproduction, Walter Hunt from memory gave a sworn written description of his first machine in every part, and, to clinch the matter, afterward constructed a machine from that description, which was the counterpart of the machine of 1834, and worked perfectly. Finally, one of the original machines sold to Arrowsmith in 1834 was preserved, though in a dilapidated condition, and by him was sold to Singer & Co., who have it in safe keeping yet. Walter Hunt then undertook to make a new sewing-machine, which should be an operative instrument, and should contain all the parts which were preserved of the old machine, with such others as were necessary to present the machine in the same shape that the original one possessed. Mr. Hunt did this successfully, and the restored machine, still operative and ready to sew good strong seams, is in the possession of the Singer Manufacturing Company.

Early in the year 1853, Singer & Co. accidentally discovered an old letter written in 1836 by A. F. Hunt, a brother of Walter Hunt, which spoke of the sewing-machine, and alluded to other persons who had seen it in operation. The sewing-machine in question, having been made for Arrowsmith in 1834, was taken by him and A. F. Hunt to Baltimore, Md., in 1835, and was there exhibited in operation. In a short time, Singer & Co., following out the clew thus obtained, discovered no less than *eight new* witnesses, all testifying positively that they saw the Hunt machine in 1834 or 1835, and that it was a working machine, which sewed good seams and made the interlocked stitch with needle and shuttle. One of these witnesses worked as a machinist upon some parts of the machine—the very same machine of which the broken parts are still in existence. He saw it put together, and

saw it sew, and saw it afterward exhibited by Hunt and Arrowsmith to other persons. This witness, though a working machinist in 1834, had become a substantial cotton manufacturer when he was examined in 1854. Another of these new witnesses was Solomon Andrews, Esq., a distinguished inventor and mechanic. He examined the machine, and saw it operated by A. F. Hunt in Baltimore. He fully understood its method of operation. Ten years later, in 1845, Mr. Andrews called at the office of Thomas P. Jones, Esq., who had been at one time Commissioner of Patents, but was then practising as an agent for procuring patents for inventions. There Mr. Andrews saw the Howe machine, for which Mr. Jones was just preparing the specification and drawings to obtain a patent. Mr. Andrews thereupon stated to Mr. Jones that Hunt was the original inventor of that kind of sewing-machine, and explained to him what he had seen in Baltimore in 1835. This explanation to the patent agent shows why Howe made his specification of claim in the peculiar way he did. He did not then venture to claim as his the eye-pointed needle or the shuttle, or even a combination of the two in a sewing-machine; but he simply claimed the forming of a seam by means of a curved needle or a shuttle, "under a combination and arrangement of parts, substantially the same with that described." This language indicates that the patent agent knew, and presumptively Mr. Howe knew, that he had no right to claim the needle and shuttle.

Such is the simple story, supported beyond cavil by hundreds of pages of sworn testimony, of the origin of sewing-machines. It shows that Walter Hunt invented the great central feature of all such machines — the combination of the shuttle with the needle, having the eye near the point. All other things, contrived by Howe and others later, are trivial and temporary, and liable to be superseded.

Some months prior to May, 1854, Hunt applied for a patent for his original invention, and the United States Patent Office declared an interference between such application and the patent then held by Howe. Numerous witnesses were examined on behalf of Howe and Hunt upon the question of priority of invention, and argument was heard by the counsel of the respective parties. Then the Hon. Charles Mason, Commissioner of Patents, and well known to be a very able lawyer, decided the case and filed a written opinion, from which the following extracts are taken: —

In 1846 Howe obtained a patent upon a sewing-machine, upon which there have since been many improvements by others. Hunt now claims priority to all these, upon the ground that he invented the sewing-machine substantially as described in his specification, previous to the invention of Howe. He proves that, in 1834 or 1835, he contrived a machine by which he actually effected his purpose of sewing cloth with considerable success. Upon a careful consideration of the testimony, I am disposed to think that he had then carried his invention to the point of patentability. . . .

The very idea of carrying on this delicate and difficult operation by machinery was a bold one. The contrivance of a machine that should carry out the idea was patentable, although that machine was so imperfect as not to supersede the ordinary mode of sewing. I understand from the evidence that Hunt actually made a working machine, thus even going further than was absolutely necessary to entitle him to a patent, had he then applied for it. . . . The papers in the case show that Howe obtained a patent for substantially this same invention, in 1846. The presumption is that since that time the invention has been in public use or on sale. Now Hunt, by the sale to Arrowsmith, had given *his* consent that any person, or all the world, might use the invitation. Therefore it was in public use and on sale with the consent of the inventor and present applicant.

The Commissioner of Patents then decided that Hunt was not entitled to a patent, for the reason that, in 1834, he had sold his invention to George A. Arrowsmith, and had allowed more than two years to elapse after such sale before applying for a patent, wherefore he was debarred by the act of 1839 from obtaining a patent. It is evident from this opinion that if Judge Mason had possessed sufficient power under the law, he would not only have refused the patent to Hunt, but would have declared Howe's patent, as to its material claims, void, for want of originality. If Mr. Howe presents his petition to Congress for a special gratuity, any member of that body who wishes to arrive at the truth and to do justice to the country and his constituents, has only to go to the Patent Office and read the testimony in this interference between Hunt and Howe, and he will be satisfied of the correctness of Judge Mason's views and will perceive not only that Howe should have no more compensation from the public, but that another person ought to have received the golden shower which has descended upon him.

The reader who has followed us thus far, may desire to learn something more of the character and career of the inventor of sew-

ing-machines. He will find that as Walter Hunt was intellectually able to conceive the sewing-machine, mechanically he was able to build it, and morally he was incapable of claiming what was not his due. Gifted with most marvellous originality of mind, he improved his natural powers by very extensive reading and study in many branches of science, and by profound and incessant thought. His intellect was remarkably suggestive, inasmuch that whoever talked with him was sure to bring away some new and useful idea. Scores of inventions of other men owe their origin to his suggestion. Up to 1853, he had himself obtained patents for more than twenty of his own inventions. His deposition of that year tells us that being then fifty-seven years old, and "by profession a machinist and inventor," he had been "mostly engaged in inventing and constructing novel machinery of various kinds for upward of twenty-five years last past."

The records of the Patent Office from 1830 to the date of his death give evidence of Walter Hunt's brilliant and exhaustless inventive powers, his practical skill, his incessant labor, his many and useful contrivances which give him enduring claim to the gratitude of his countrymen. To these well-known inventions we need not refer; but he invented more things which he did not secure by letters patent than those which were patented. He invented, for example, the "Globe Stove;" he invented the machinery used for combining steel rivets with leather in the soles of boots and shoes; he invented a composition whereby all the fragments and chippings of marble and stone-yards could be converted into building materials of any desired regular form, as indestructible as granite; he invented a composition and machinery for making paper boxes of all sizes and descriptions, and of such strength that, as he used to say, "a pill box made in that way would bear his weight without being crushed" — and there is a fortune in that idea yet; he invented the first paper collars of the kind so generally used now, and obtained one or more patents therefor. The writer believes, indeed, that all the ideas on paper collars originated with Hunt, though Rollin, one of his workmen, also took out a patent for them. It was Walter Hunt who both invented and made the apparatus with which Sands, the famous gymnast, walked on the ceiling. This contrivance exhibited a philosophical principle, the head of the gymnast being downward, and his feet being made to adhere at each step to a perfectly smooth and

oiled plank, by force of atmospheric pressure alone. The mechanism by which the feet could be successively disengaged from the platform or ceiling to perform the operation of walking, was very ingenious, and required most dexterous accuracy in the fabrication.

Walter Hunt's knowledge of mechanical and scientific books was very extensive, as we have said, and his conversation remarkably original and instructive. His researches went beyond mechanics. He was well versed in medicine, and concocted and for many years sold a popular remedy for cholera complaints. The writer also remembers Mr. Hunt's assuring him he had alleviated or cured rheumatism in his own case by mechanical means, and that he had thought of obtaining a patent for the instrument he had framed for that purpose. He was the inventor, also, of improvements in spring shawl-pins; in the corking of bottles; in making cheap heels for boots and shoes; and in breech-loading fire-arms. These inventions and devices — which are selected out of many merely for illustration — will show the astonishing fertility and versatility of his brain, as their practical success from the start testifies to his practical constructive skill. How so brilliant a genius and so adroit and laborious a mechanic died poor, leaving others to get the benefit of his work, we must now explain. Like many another mechanical genius, Walter Hunt, in all that related to pecuniary affairs, was a mere child. He was astonishingly improvident. He made contracts carelessly. He was little versed in business arts. He was always in want of money, being reckless in its expenditure, and his inventions were usually sold before they were patented, or mortgaged during construction. Yet he was a man of strong moral convictions, a conscientious man, who could not be induced to testify wrongly or to suppress his testimony. He was a man of strong opinions, too, and of much logical power. Brought up a Hicksite Quaker, and holding the religious opinions of that sect, he became fond of theological discussion, to which his profound acquaintance with the Bible and his extensive reading in speculative theology adapted him. On all sides of his nature, his moral as well as his intellectual, Walter Hunt exhibits himself to us as one capable of inventing the sewing-machine, and incapable of claiming what did not belong to him.

After Hunt's invention, a series of others were projected in America and Europe; all proved successful which employed his combination of the needle and shuttle. In

1842 Greenough patented a machine; in 1843 Corliss patented one; in 1846 Elias Howe, Jr., patented one — the third patent in America, and the *seventh* in the world. Examining his patent, we find it to consist of five claims. Of these, four are not only unnecessary, but are hurtful to the working of a good machine, and are, therefore, not used. The fifth and remaining one is the invention of Walter Hunt, made ten years before.

Mr. Howe says he built his first sewing-machine in 1845. He constructed another in 1846, upon which he obtained a patent in September of that year. He built a third machine about the same time, which his brother, A. B. Howe, took to London and sold, together with the right to the English patent, for the sum of £250. In 1847, Mr. Howe and his brother went to London, where, according to agreement, Elias Howe endeavoured to adapt the machine to do the work of the purchaser, Mr. Thomas.

Amasa B. Howe says and prints and publishes that his brother, "Elias, remained in the employ of Mr. Thomas some three years, having unlimited supplies of material and means for the development of the invention. But, failing to produce any practical results, or in adding any thing of value to his original model, he abandoned the whole thing and returned home." The truth was that Howe, through his brother, had sold an imperfect and impracticable machine, with a contract that Howe should come to London and adapt the machine to practical work. Mr. Howe appears to have worked a long time for Mr. Thomas, under wages, without arriving at any good result. Mr. Thomas became tired of the fruitless expense, and discharged Howe, as was natural under such circumstances. And Amasa finally sums up his brother Elias' merits as a sewing-machine maker thus: "His career as a builder of sewing-machines ended, where it began, with simply constructing the three impracticable models above referred to."

That Elias Howe did not know how to build a sewing-machine of practical utility, even as late as 1851, is proved by this circumstance: On the 16th of February, 1851, Howe made a contract with G. S. Jackson, W. E. Whiting, and D. C. Morey, of Boston, to construct, according to his patent, as perfect and useful a machine as he was capable of making. Morey and Jackson have testified upon oath that Howe, after working about six weeks, produced a sewing-machine which was a failure, and incapable of being used. Howe admitted its defects, but

thought he could do better upon another trial. He did try again; but the second machine was no better than the first. A master mechanic, in whose shop Howe attempted to build this machine, also testified to its glaring defects, and to the mechanical incapacity of Mr. Howe.

The circumstance that Mr. Howe, after years of diligent labor, was unable to improve upon his first model, leads to a suspicion that he had heard of the machine of Walter Hunt, and its peculiar combination, before he ever did anything toward contriving one of his own. Nor was his personal lack of constructive skill alone at fault. Within a period of five years succeeding the date of Howe's patent, several persons who had acquired rights or received licenses under that patent, tried to make sewing-machines after Howe's model, for the purposes of sale and use. They were all failures, and served merely to deepen the impression in the public mind that practical sewing by machinery was an impossibility. The machine of Blodgett & Lerow, patented in 1849, was superior to any that had been produced before it, and some of them were sold, to be used in the manufacture of clothing. They contained, however, the baster-plate of the Howe machine in a modified and improved form, which, with some other imperfect devices, rendered them useless to the public, and they were speedily laid aside. In 1849, also, the single-thread, chain-stitch machine of Morey & Johnson was produced, containing improvements of some merit, and materially advancing the art. John Bachelder about the same time obtained patents on certain improvements of his own, which approached still nearer to a practical sewing-machine.

In 1849, Allen B. Wilson invented and constructed a sewing-machine, which was patented, containing mechanical devices of great merit, and which time has proved to have possessed eminent utility. But Mr. Wilson's sewing-machine, as originally arranged and constructed, notwithstanding the great fame as an inventor since universally accorded to him, was a practical failure. A large number of sewing-machines were made according to that patent, and sold, but very soon dropped out of use. The celebrated and admirable Wheeler & Wilson machine had not then been invented. The inventors of the Grover & Baker machine, which has since had such a successful career, were still at work endeavoring to perfect their invention, and had not then

brought the machine to such a state of completeness as to make it salable for practical purposes.

William H. Johnson, too, in 1848, invented a device, which may be deemed the germ of the now celebrated four-motion-feed in sewing-machines. Indeed, several kinds of sewing-machines are now being made, in which Johnson's feeding device, known as the "needle-feed," is employed.

As late as the Autumn of 1850, the world had not obtained a good practical sewing-machine. Toward the latter part of September, 1850, Mr. Isaac M. Singer turned his attention to improving Hunt's sewing-machine. By contract he agreed to invent the improved machine, and to have it built at the cost of forty dollars. It was completed within the price limited, and in less than twelve days. Letters patent were immediately applied for, and the manufacture of these machines for sale commenced. Some of them were soon put into successful practical use, and the manufacture of these machines has continued uninterruptedly, and in constantly increasing numbers from that day to this.

Thus, in June, 1851, when Mr. Howe, as appears from the testimony of his coadjutors, Jackson and Morey, was making fruitless attempts to construct a sewing-machine according to his patent, which should have marketable utility, the Singer machine had been already introduced into profitable use in Boston, New York, and elsewhere, and its success established.

In the introduction of the sewing-machine to general use, the most serious obstacle in the way was felt to be Elias Howe, Jr., and his patent of 1846. As late as 1853 he insisted that he ought to be paid a patent fee of \$25 on every sewing-machine manufactured. The Wheeler & Wilson company, and some others, agreed to pay Mr. Howe \$25 patent fee on each machine, a burden from which afterward they managed to get relieved in great part, or they never could have succeeded as they have done. From the beginning, Singer & Co. denied that Howe's patent was valid, except in so far as it claimed a combination and arrangement of certain devices of his own, which no one found it necessary to use. These devices Howe had combined in his machine with the valuable contrivances of eye-pointed needle and shuttle, with two threads, invented by Walter Hunt, which all inventors alike had the right to employ.

Now, then, we come to the secret of Mr. Howe's success. He has *litigated* himself

into fortune and fame. This undertaking gave him ample scope for the energy, perseverance and business tact he so remarkably possesses. In 1852, at Boston, the famous cause, lasting several weeks, of Howe against Bradford, was tried. It was the only occasion on which Howe's patent has been submitted to the ordeal of a jury trial. The defence set up the invention of Walter Hunt, of New York, in 1834 or 1835, against the invention of Elias Howe, Jr., of Boston, in 1845. The case, presented to a Boston jury, seemed to be that of a New York interest against a Boston interest; and Howe had secured Rufus Choate—the equivalent to a verdict in his favour. Choate was then at the meridian of a career which procured him the title of the "monarch of the twelve." The defence proved by six witnesses that Walter Hunt invented, perfected and sold two needle and shuttle sewing-machines in the years 1834 and 1835, containing all the essential devices in Howe's machine of 1846. No material testimony could be found to contradict these six witnesses. But the plaintiff showed that the defendant's machine (Blodgett & Lerow's) had copied some minor devices from Howe's machine which were *not* in Hunt's. The consequence was that the jury were able to find a verdict for the plaintiff.

This trial did not deter Singer & Co. from proceeding with the sale of *their* machines. In 1853, they published a statement of the controversy up to that time, and the depositions copied into that pamphlet, which have never been contradicted, are as pertinent now as then. In 1853, Howe commenced two suits in Massachusetts to restrain two firms from selling the Singer machines. Judge Sprague refused an injunction, but consented to make an order that the defendants should keep an account of profits, and give security to pay damages, should any be awarded at the final hearing of the cause. The defendants, being intimidated at the idea of keeping an account, determined to settle with Mr. Howe, against the protest of Singer & Co.

After this success, Mr. Howe ventured out of Massachusetts, and brought several suits in equity in New Jersey, and one in New York, against Singer & Co., in 1854. None of these suits were ever prosecuted to a hearing, but negotiations were easily concluded for a settlement. Howe's patent had thus far only been passed upon by Judge Sprague, and he had a dislike to bringing it before a jury in New York.

He knew also of the newly-discovered evidence in regard to the invention of Walter Hunt. Besides, the decision of the Commissioner of Patents had just been pronounced affirming the completion and perfecting of the Hunt machine in 1835, and that was very ominous.

On the other hand, Singer & Co. felt compelled to yield to the competition in trade. The new aspirants for public favour found them engaged in an exhausting legal controversy with Howe. They therefore took licenses under Howe's patent upon such terms as Howe saw fit to impose. If Howe could ruin the business of Singer, they would be great gainers by it. If Singer could demolish Howe's patent, they would be relieved from further license fees to Howe, and would gain equally with Singer & Co. And while the controversy was going on, they could advertise that their machines might be used without infringement of patents, while Singer's were subject to Howe.

Governed by these considerations, and believing they had fought the public battle long enough, Singer & Co., in the summer of 1854, gave up the contest, much to the chagrin of their competitors and subsequent friends, and took a license under Howe's patent. Singer & Co. did not, in consequence of such license, change their opinions as to the legitimate force of Mr. Howe's patent. They always believed it to be a valid patent only for some unimportant device, and that the needle and shuttle combination belonged to Walter Hunt. But, by the terms of the license, they agreed not to contest the validity of the Howe patent, or aid or encourage others to do so, and they honestly kept their agreement.

Thus Mr. Howe triumphed, not through force of his patent, but by the exigencies of trade.

In the year 1860, when the first term of Mr. Howe's patent was about to expire, he presented his petition to have it extended seven years further. He presented, as required by law, a sworn statement of his profits from the patent. He had then received a little less than half a million dollars. Then he meekly preferred his request in the following language:

"Notwithstanding, therefore, the amount of profit which I have already realized, and for which I am grateful to my country, I believe it to be just and proper, in view of my early trials and hardships, and of the public value of my invention, now in general and permanent use, for the daily

benefit of the whole community, that my patent should be extended as I have desired."

Now, after the lapse of seven years more, and after Mr. Howe's modest profits from his patent have swelled from less than half a million to two millions of dollars, it would seem that he ought to be satisfied.

If Congress desires to bestow a gratuity for sewing-machines, let them give it to the heirs of Walter Hunt. The proofs are ample and conclusive that he was the first inventor of the sewing mechanism which is now so popular, and from which, as modified and improved by many other inventors, the country and the world is now receiving such measureless advantages.

From Macmillan's Magazine,

LIFE AT THEBES.

BY LADY DUFF-GORDON.

November, 1866.

A LETTER from home, all about little R——'s country life, school feasts, &c. made me cry, and brought before me—oh how vividly!—the difference between East and West; not quite *all* to the advantage of home however, though mostly.

What is pleasant here is the primitive ways. Three times since I have been here, lads of most respectable families at Luxor have come to ask hospitality, which consists in a place on the deck of my boat, and liberty to dip their bread in the common dish with my black boy and Achmet. The bread they brought with them;—"bread and shelter" therefore were not asked, as they slept *sub dio*. In England, I must have refused the hospitality on account of the *gêne* and expense. The chief object to the lads was the respectability of being under my eye while away from their fathers, as a satisfaction to their families; and while they ate and slept like beggars, as we should say, they read their books and chatted with me when I was out on the deck on perfectly equal terms, only paying the respect proper to my age. I thought of the "orphanages and institutions," and all the countless difficulties of that sort, and wondered whether something was not to be said for this absence of civilization in knives, and first and second tables, above all. Of course climate has a good deal to do with this, as well as

the facility with which widows and orphans are absorbed here.

My Reis spoke such a pretty parable the other day that I must needs write it. A Coptic Reis stole some of my wood, which we got back by force, and there was some reviling of the Nazarenes in consequence from Hosein and Ali; but Reis Mohammed said, "Not so. Girgis is a thief, it is true, but many Christians are honest: and behold all the people in the world are like soldiers; some wear red, and some blue — some serve on foot, others on horseback, and some in ships; but all serve one Sultan, and each fights in the regiment in which the Sultan has placed him, and he who does his duty best is the best man — be his coat red, or blue, or black." I said, "Excellent words, O Reis, and fit to be spoken from the best of pulpits." It is surprising what happy sayings the people here hit upon: they cultivate talk for want of reading, and the consequence is great facility of narration and illustration. Everybody enforces his ideas, like Christ, in parables. Haggi Hannah told me two excellent fairy tales, which I will write for little R——, with some Bowdlerizing, and several laughable stories which I will leave unrecorded, as savouring too much of Boccaccio's manner, or of that of Marguerite of Navarre. I told Achmet to sweep the floor after dinner just now; he hesitated, and I called again: "What manner is this, not to sweep when I bid thee?" "By the most high God," said the boy, "my hand shall not sweep in thy boat after sunset, O Lady; I would rather have it cut off than sweep thee out of thy property." I found that you must not sweep at night, nor for three days after the departure of a guest whose return you desire, or of the master of the house. "Thinkest thou my brother would sweep away the dust of thy feet from the floors of Luxor?" continued Achmet; "he would fear never to see thy fortunate face again." If you don't want to see your visitor's face again, you break a *gulleh* (water-jar) behind him as he leaves the house, and sweep away his footsteps.

I won't write any politics; it is all too dreary, and Cairo gossip is odious, as you may judge by the productions of Mesdames Audenarde and Lott; — only remember this, there is no law nor justice but the will or rather the caprice of one man: it is nearly impossible for any European to conceive such a state of things as really exists here. Nothing but perfect familiarity with the governed or oppressed class will teach it:

however intimate a man may be with the rulers, he will never fully take it in. If the farce of a constitution ever should be acted in Egypt, it will be superb.

I arrived here on the morning of the 11th, and I meant to have written sooner, but I caught cold after four days, and have really not been well. We came up best pace, as my boat is a flyer now: fourteen days to Thebes, and to Kenh only eleven. Then we had bad wind, and my men pulled away at the rope and sang about the "*Reis el arces*" (bridegroom) going to his bride. We were all very merry, and played practical jokes on a rascal who wanted a pound to guide me to the tombs; making him run miles, fetch innumerable donkeys, and then laughing at his beard. Such is boatman's fun. On arriving at Luxor, I heard a *charivari* of voices, and knew I was "at home" by the shrill pipe of the little children, "*El Sitt, el Sitt, el Sitt*." Visitors all day, of course. At night comes up another dahabieh: great commotion — as it had been telegraphed from Cairo (which I knew before I left) and was to be stopped.

This dahabieh contained an Indian *walee* (a saint), with a large harem and suite. He huffs Pashas and Moodirs ruthlessly, and gives away immense charity to the poor. The government have him watched, though I cannot conceive why, as he is perfectly outside of all that could affect Egyptian politics, his estates being at Hyderabad. After Assouan, he will be dogged by arnouts, or something of the sort. He is a good straightforward sort of fellow, whether he be saint or magician. He gave me some sort of pills to take; some men urge me to take them, and others on no account to do so, but to throw them into the Nile, lest they should turn me into a mare or a donkey. I keep them till I find a chemist to analyze them.

When the dahabieh arrived, I said, "O Mustafa, the Indian saint is in thine eye, seeing that an Indian is all as one with an Englishman." He asked, "how did I know there was an Indian and a saint, &c.?" Meanwhile the saint had a bad thumb, and some one told his slave that there was a wonderful English doctress; so in the morning he sent for me, and I went inside the harem. He was very friendly, and made me sit beside him; told me he was fourth in descent from Abd el Kader el Gylamee, of Bagdad,* but his father settled

* Abd-el-Kader is the saint of Bagdad. The Bedouins firmly believe in him, and occasionally see him. He appears once a year, mounted on splendid a horse and fully armed.

at Hyderabad, where he has great estates. He said he was a *walee* or saint, and would have it that I was in the path of the Derweeshes, gave me the pills I have mentioned for my cough, asked me many questions, and finally gave me five dollars and asked me if I wanted more. I thanked him heartily, kissed the money politely, and told him I was not poor enough to want it, and would give it in his name to the poor of Luxor, but that I would never forget that the Indian sheykh had behaved like a brother to an Englishwoman in a strange land. He then spoke in great praise of the "laws of the English," and said many more kind things to me, adding again, "I tell thee thou art a Derweesh, and do not thou forget me."

Another Indian from Lahore, I believe the sheykh's tailor, came to see me — an intelligent man : and a Syrian doctor. The people here said the latter was a *baklawar* (a rope-dancer or gymnast). The authorities detained the boat with fair words till orders came from Kenah to let them go up farther. Meanwhile the sheykh came out and performed some miracles which I was not there to see; perfuming people's hands by touching them with his own, and taking English sovereigns out of a pocketless jacket; and the doctor told wonders of him — anyhow he spent ten pounds in one day here, and he is a regular Derweesh. He and all the hareem were poorly dressed, and wore no ornaments whatever. I hope Seyd Abdurachman will come down safe again. It is the first time I ever saw an Oriental travelling for pleasure. He had about ten or twelve in the hareem — among them his three little girls; and perhaps twenty men outside — Arabs from Syria, I fancy.

Well, next day I moved into the old house, and found one end in ruins, owing to the high Nile and want of repair: however, there is plenty more safe and comfortable. I settled my accounts with my men, and made an inventory in Arabic, which Sheykh Yussuf wrote for me, and which we laughed over hugely. How to express a sauceboat, a pie-dish, &c. in Arabic, was a poser. A genteel Effendi who sat by, at last burst out in uncontrollable amazement: "There is no god but God: is it possible that four or five Franks can use all those things to eat, drink, and sleep on a journey?" (N.B. — I fear the Franks will think the stock very scanty.) Whereupon Master Achmet, with the swagger of one who has seen cities and men, held forth: "O Effendi!

that is nothing: our Lady is almost like the children of the Arabs: one dish or two, a piece of bread, a few dates, and peace!" (as we say, there is an end of it) "But thou shouldst see the merchants of Scandareeh — 3 tablecloths, 40 dishes, to each soul 7 plates of all sorts, and 7 knives and 7 forks and 7 spoons, large and small, and 7 different glasses for wine and beer and water." "It is the will of God," replied the Effendi, rather put down; "but it must be a dreadful fatigue to them to eat their dinner."

Then came an impudent merchant who wanted to go down to Cairo with his bales and five souls in my boat for nothing. But I said, "O man, she is my property, and I will eat from her of thy money, as of the money of the Franks;" whereupon he offered 1*l.*, but was bundled out amid general reproaches for his avarice and want of shame. Then all the company said a *fat-hah* for the success of the voyage, and the Reis Mohammed was exhorted to "open his eyes," and he should have a *tarboosh* if he did well.

Then I went out to visit my friend, the Maohn's wife, and tell her all about her charming daughter and grand-children. I was of course an hour in the streets, salaaming, &c. *Sheeraftenee Balaïna*, "thou hast honoured our country," on all sides. "Blessings come with thee," &c. Every thing is cheaper than last year, but there is no money to buy with, and the taxes have grown beyond bearing: as a *Fellah* said, "a man can't sneeze without a cavass being ready to levy a tax on it." The ha'p'orth of onions we buy in the market is taxed on the spot, and the fish which the man catches under my window. I paid a tax on buying charcoal, and another on having it weighed. People are terribly beaten to get *next year's* taxes out of them, which they have not the money to pay.

The Nubian M.P.'s passed the other day in three boats towed by a steamer, very frightened and sullen. I fell in with some Egyptians on my way, and tried the European style of talk. "Now you will help to govern the country: what a fine thing for you," &c. I got such a look of rueful reproach. "Laugh not thou at our beards, O Effendi: God's mercy, what words are these? and who is there on the banks of the Nile who can say any thing but '*Hader*'" (ready — with both hands on the head and a salaam to the ground) "even to a Mudir; and thou talkest of speaking before Effendina! Art thou mad, Effendi?" and the wretched delegates to the Egyptian

Chamber (God save the mark!) are going down with their hearts in their shoes.

The first steamer full of travellers has just arrived (20th Nov.), and with it the brother of the ladies all wanting my side-saddle. I forbade Mustafa to send for it, but they intimidate the poor old fellow, and he comes and kisses my hand not to get him into trouble with one old woman who says she is the relation of a consul and a great lady in her own country. I am what Mrs. Grote calls "cake" enough to concede to Mustafa's fears what I had sworn to refuse henceforth. Last year five women all sent for my saddle, besides other things—camp-stools, umbrellaa, beer, &c.

The big people are angry with the Indian saint, because he treated them like dirt everywhere. One great man went to see him, and asked him to sell him a Memlook, a pretty boy. The Indian, who had not spoken or saluted, burst forth, "Be silent, thou wicked one! Dost thou dare to ask me for a soul, to take it with thee to hell?" Fancy the surprise of the "distinguished" Turk. Never had he heard such language. The story has travelled all up the river, and is of course much enjoyed.

Last night Sheykh Yussuf gave an entertainment, killed a sheep, and had a reading of the *Siret el Russool*; it was the night of the Prophet's great vision, and is a great night in Islam. I was sorry not to be well enough to go. Now that there is a Cadi here, Sheykh Yussuf has much business to settle; and he came to me and said, "Expound to me the laws of marriage and inheritance of the Christian, that I may do no wrong in the affairs of the Copts, for they won't go and be settled by the priest out of the Gospels; and I can't find any laws, except about marriage, in the Gospels." I set him up with the text of the tribute-money, and told him to judge according to his own laws, for that Christians had no laws other than that of the country they lived in. Poor Yussuf was sore perplexed about a divorce case. I refused to "expound," and told him all the learned in the law in England had not yet settled which text to follow.

Do you remember the German story of the lad who travelled "*um das gruseln zu lernen*" (to learn how to tremble)? Well, I, who never *gruselte* (quaked) before, had a touch of it a few mornings ago. I was sitting here quietly drinking tea, and four or five men were present, when a cat came to the door. I called "*bis! bis!*" and offered milk; but puss, after looking at us, ran away. "Well dost thou, Lady," said a

quiet sensible man, a merchant here, "to be kind to the cat, for I dare say he gets little enough at home: *his* father, poor man, cannot cook for his children every day;" and then, in an explanatory tone to the company: "That is Alee Nasseere's boy Yussuf; it must be Yussuf, because his fellow twin Ismaeen is with his uncle at Negadeh." "*Mir gruselte*" (I shuddered), I confess: not but what I have heard things almost as absurd from gentlemen and ladies in Europe, but an "extravagance" in a *kufian* has quite a different effect from one in a tail-coat. "What! my butcher-boy, who brings the meat—a cat?" I gasped. "To be sure, and he knows well where to look for a bit of good cookery, you see. All twins go out as cats at night, if they go to sleep hungry; and their own bodies lie at home like dead meanwhile, but no one must touch them, or they would die. When they grow up to ten or twelve, they leave it off: why, your own boy Achmet does it." "Ho, Achmet!" Achmet appears. "Boy, don't you go out as a cat at night?" "No," said Achmet tranquilly, "I am not a twin. My sister's sons do." I inquired if people were not afraid of such cats. No, there is no fear; they only eat a little of the cookery; but if you beat them, they tell their parents next day. 'So-and-So beat me in his house last night,' and show their bruises. No, they are not *afreetes*; they are *beni Adam*. Only twins do it, and if you give them a sort of onion broth and some milk the first thing when they are born, they don't do it at all." Omar professed never to have heard it; but I am sure he had; only he dreads being laughed at. One of the American missionaries told me something like it, as belonging to the Copts; but it is entirely Egyptian, and common to both religions. I asked several Copts, who assured me it was true, and told it just the same. Is it a remnant of the doctrine of transmigration? However, the notion fully accounts for the horror the people feel at the idea of killing a cat.

A poor pilgrim from the far black country was taken ill yesterday at a village six miles hence; he could speak a few words of Arabic only, and begged to be carried to the Ababdeh. So the Sheykh el Beled put him on a donkey, and sent him and his little boy, and laid him in Sheykh Hassan's house. He called for Hassan, and begged him to take care of the child, and to send him to an uncle somewhere in Cairo. Hassan said, "Oh, you will get well, &c. and take the boy with you." "I cannot take

him into the grave," said the black pilgrim grim.

Well, in the night he died, and the boy went to Hassan's mat, and said, "Oh, Hassan! my father is dead." So the two Sheykhs and several men got up, and went and sat with the boy till dawn, because he refused to lie down, or to leave his father's corpse. At daybreak he said, "Take me now and sell me, and buy new cloth to dress my father for the tomb." All the Ababdeh cried when they heard it, and Hassan went and bought the cloth, and sweet-stuff for the boy who, remains with him.

Such is death on the road in Egypt. I tell it as Hassan's slave told it me; and, somehow, we all cried again at the poor little boy rising from his dead father's side to say, "Come now, sell me to dress my father for the tomb." These strange black pilgrims always interest me. Many take four years to Mecca and home, and have children born to them on the road, and learn a few words of Arabic.

I must leave off, for Mahboobeh has come to rub me after the fashion of her country, with her soft brown hands and with oils, to take the pains out of my bones. Kiss my R—for me. What would I give to see her face!

I meant to have sent you a long letter by the Consul General's steamer; but ever since he went up to Assouan I have been in my bed. The weather set in colder than I ever felt it here. . . . An Egyptian doctor who has studied in Paris wants me to spend the summer up here, and take sand-baths, i.e. bury myself up to the chin in the hot sand, and to get a Dongola girl to rub me. A most fascinating Derweesh from E-neh gave me the same advice. He wanted me to go and live near him at Esneh, and let him treat me.

I wish you could see a friend of mine: he is a sort of remnant of the Memlook Bey's — a Circassian who has inherited his master's property, and married his master's daughter. The master was one of the Beys; also a slave, inheriting from his master. After being a terrible *shaitan* (devil) after drink, women, &c. my friend has repented, and become a man of pilgrimage and prayer and perpetual fasting; but he has retained the exquisite grace and charm of manner which must have made him irresistible in his *shaitan* days, and also the beautifully-delicate style of dress: a dove-coloured cloth *gibbeh* over a pale blue silk *kustan*, a turban like a snow-drift, under which flowed the silky fair hair and beard, and the dainty

white hands under the long muslin shirt-sleeve, made a picture; and such a smile, and such ready, graceful talk! He was brought to me as a sort of doctor, and also to try to convert me on one point.

Some Christian had made some of his friends quite miserable by telling them of the doctrine that all unbaptized infants went to eternal fire; and, as they knew that I had lost a child very young, it weighed on their minds that perhaps I fretted about this, and so they could not refrain from trying to convince me that God was not so cruel and unjust as the Nazarene priests represented him and that *all* infants whatsoever, as well as all ignorant persons, were to be saved. Would that I could take the cruel error out of the minds of all the hundreds of thousands of poor Christian mothers who must be tortured by it," said he, "and let them understand that their dead babies are with Him who sent and took them." I own I did not resent this interference with my orthodoxy, especially as it is the only one I ever knew my friends attempt.

Another doctor came up in the passenger-boat, a Shereef, and eminently a gentleman. He called on me, and spent all his spare time with me. I liked him better than the bewitching Derweesh, he is so like my old love, Don Quixote. He was amazed and delighted at what he heard here about me. "Ah, Madame, on vous aime comme une sœur, et on vous respecte comme une reine; cela rejouit le cœur des honnêtes gens de voir tous les préjugés oubliés et détruits à ce point." We had no end of talk about things in general. My friend is the only Arab who has read a good deal of European literature and history. He said, "Vous seule, dans toute l'Égypte, connaissez le peuple, et comprenez ce qui se passe; tous les autres Européens ne savent absolument rien que les dehors; il n'y a que vous qui ayez inspiré la confiance qu'il faut pour connaître la vérité." I don't repeat this as a boast, but it is a proof of the kind thoughts people have of me, simply because I am decently civil to them.

In Egypt we are eaten up with taxes; there is not a penny left to any one. I saw one of the poor dancing-girls the other day; each woman is made to pay according to her presumed gains i.e. her good looks. It is left to the discretion of the official who farms the taxes, and thus these poor girls are exposed to all the caprices and extortions of the police.

Such a queer fellow came here the other day, a stalwart Holsteiner — I should think,

a man of fifty — who had been for years up about in the Soudan and Sennaar, and, being penniless, had walked all through Nubia, begging his way. He was not the least "down upon his luck," and spoke with enthusiasm of the hospitality of Sir Samuel Baker's "tigers," — "Ja das sind die rechten 'Kerls!' das ist das glückliche Leben!" ("These, indeed, are the right sort of 'fellows! that is a glorious life!") His account is, that if you go with an armed party, the blacks naturally show fight, as men with guns, in their eyes, are always slave-hunters; but if you go alone and poor, they kill an ox for you, unless you prefer a sheep, give you a hut, and generally any thing they have to offer, "*merissey*" (beer) to make you as drunk as a lord, and young ladies to pour it out for you, and you need not wear any clothes. If you had heard him, you would have started for the interior at once. I gave him a dinner and a bottle of common wine, which he emptied, and a few shillings, and away he trudged merrily towards Cairo. I wonder what the Nubians thought of a *hambalah* (gentleman) begging! He said they were very kind, and that he often ate what he was sure they pinched themselves to give — *dourrah-bread* and dates.

In the evening we were talking of this man's stories, and of "anthropophagi and men whose heads do grow" to a prodigious height, by means of an edifice woven of their own hair and other queer things, when Hassan told a story which pleased me particularly.

"My father," said he, "Sheykh Mohamed (who was a taller and handsomer man than I am) was once travelling very far up in the black country, and he and the men he was with had very little to eat, and had killed nothing for many days. Presently they heard a sort of wailing out of a hole in the rock, and some of the men went in and dragged out a creature—I know not, and my father knew not, whether a child of Adam, or a beast. But it was like a very foul-faced and ill-shaped woman, and had six toes on its feet. The men wanted to slay it, according to the law, declaring it to be a beast, and lawful food; but when it saw the knife, it cried sadly, and covered its face with its hands in terror; and my father said, 'By the most high God, ye shall not kill the poor woman-beast, which thus begs its life. I tell you it is unlawful to eat one so like the children of Adam.' And the beast or woman clung to him, and hid under his cloak, and my father carried her for some time behind him on his horse, until

they saw some creatures like her, and then he sent her to them; but he had to drive her from him by force, for she clung to him. Thinkest thou, lady, it was really a beast, or some sort of children of Adam?"

"God knows, and He only," said I piously; "but, by His indulgent name, 'thy father, O Sheykh, was a true 'nobleman.' Sheykh Yussuf chimed in, and gave a decided opinion that a creature able to understand the sight of the knife, and to act so, was not lawful to kill for food. You see what a real Arab Don Quixote was: it is a picture worthy of him; the tall, noble-looking Ababdeh sheltering the poor 'woman-beast' — most likely a gorilla or chimpanzee — and carrying her *en croupe*.

From the Saturday Review.

BLIND PEOPLE: THEIR WORKS AND WAYS.*

* *Blind People: their Works and Ways.* By the Rev. B. G. Johns, London: Murray, 1867.

IN a small volume of not quite two hundred pages, Mr. Johns has put together a good deal of curious information about the blind. The fault of the book is a want of definiteness. Anecdotes drawn from all kinds of sources are too much mixed up with facts which the author has himself observed. The biographies in particular are extremely fragmentary, amounting to little more than a statement of what the subjects of them were able to do, without any explanation of the process by which they arrived at their proficiency. In short, *Blind People: their Works and Ways*, is neither a scientific discussion on the action of blindness on the uninjured senses, nor a manual of the intellectual discipline to which the blind are capable of being subjected, nor a collection of authenticated facts which may serve as data for future inquirers; it partakes a little of the nature of all three. The book has suffered from a pardonable desire on the part of the writer to make it interesting. A really accurate and detailed life of a blind man would be extremely valuable as a basis for a system of treatment. Unfortunately, however, no materials seem to exist for such a work in any remarkable instance. Even "in the life of such a man as Saunderson," says Mr. Johns, "we read that he soon learned all that school could teach him; that he then set to work at home

almost single-handed, and yet in a few months went up to Cambridge with the fame of a great mathematician. But of the manner in which he achieved this wondrous success, and of the way in which he laid up his stores of learning, we know nothing." Of course, where the means at his disposal are so scanty, an author cannot be blamed for making but little of them. But Mr. Johns has had opportunities of another kind, which, if properly used, would have enabled him to supply much that is wanting in previous works on the subject. He has been labouring among the blind, he tells us, for the last seventeen years, and his position as Chaplain of the well-known Blind School in St. George's Fields must have made him acquainted with a large number of facts relating to the training of blind children. A judicious selection from these would have been better worth reading than any number of "sketches of the lives of famous blind men," of whom, as Mr. Johns confesses, hardly any thing is known with that minuteness which is necessary to make the knowledge useful.

The geographical statistics of blindness are extremely puzzling. In Norway one person in every 540 is blind; in Sweden only one in 1,419. France has one in 938; Belgium one in 1,233. Across the Atlantic, the United States have only one in 2,470, by far the smallest proportion of any country on record; but this exemption does not extend to the British Colonies, for Newfoundland has one in 1,426. In England and Wales the variations are equally conspicuous. In Cheshire and Lancashire the proportion is one in 1,253; in Bedfordshire still less, one in 1,325. In the Eastern counties it is one in 902; in Wilts, Dorset, Devon, and Cornwall, one in 763; in Herefordshire, one in 693. We know of no theory on which these figures can be explained, though the comparative immunity of the great manufacturing counties and of Bedfordshire, where straw-plaiting largely prevails, seems to point to indoor occupations as less injurious to the sight than outdoor — a conclusion which would hardly have been arrived at *a priori*. Of the 20,000 blind people in England, about 2,700 are said to be under twenty years of age. A great proportion of this number belong to a class which cannot afford to give its children the peculiar education they require; but, strange to say, the free blind schools are not full. The twelve chief schools in England have room for a little over 900 scholars, but at the census of 1861, only 760 were actually receiving instruction in them. Of the adult blind a

considerable number are engaged in ordinary work as labourers, miners, blacksmiths, shoemakers, tailors, and other similar occupations, while a smaller proportion carry on those outlying trades — basket-making, mat-making, broom-making, and the like — which seem especially appropriated to blind men. Of the women, about 200 are in domestic service, and Mr. Johns says that the experience of the schools has proved that blind girls can "do all a housemaid's work (when the geography of the house is once known), make the beds, lay the dinner and breakfast table, shake the carpets, and help at the washing tub." As far as "laying the dinner and breakfast table" is concerned, we can easily believe in the efficiency of blind people. Ordinary servants so rarely use their eyes to any purpose, that a little delicacy of touch must be ample compensation for absence of sight. There are about one hundred blind dressmakers. Of the classes below these Mr. Johns mentions only a few individuals, all more or less (and some unpleasantly) known to Londoners. He tells us that the tall young man, "in rusty black clothes and kid gloves," who often "plants himself with his back firmly against the wall of the National Gallery," probably in fine weather makes four or five shillings a day. The blind street readers — those offensive personages who finger out St. Paul's Epistles for stray pence — seem to be less successful; at least one of them professes to make only two and sixpence a week by this means. Mr. Johns evidently suspects the genuineness of the accomplishment, as he remarks that a performer of this sort "reads on glibly enough in all weathers, rain, east wind, or snow, when the finger of an unprofessional blind boy would be utterly disabled." Of another street celebrity, "Blind Sarah," Mr. Johns says: —

She had been upon the streets of London for forty years, having been born in 1786, and cast adrift by the Workhouse at the age of twenty. Her instrument was the hurdy-gurdy — the "Cymbal" she insisted on calling it, which it took her five months to learn. During her forty years of wandering she had had four guides, and had worn out three instruments. It took her about three weeks to learn a new tune on the hurdy-gurdy; and her complete stock rarely exceeded a dozen. . . . Nothing could be more forlornly hideous than the noise she managed to extract from the "cymbals;" yet she contrived to rouse the pity of passers-by by her destitute appearance, if not by the beauty of her music, of which she loved to say, "King David used to play on one of these here instruments, which it isn't hard to play; *the only thing*

is to kip the works covered up, or the half-pence is apt to drop in.

Even the hurdy-gurdy, distracting as it is to the listener, must to the performer be a relief from the monotony of the day. A drearier picture of life can hardly be conceived than that given by one blind beggar:—"Here I stands, and often feels as if half asleep or dreaming. No one does better than I do, because I sticks to it; and it's sometimes twelve o'clock at night before I leaves the streets. I never has no amusement; always out here, wet or dry, except on Sundays."

Elementary education is of more importance perhaps to the blind than to any other class in the community, and it is a matter for regret that so little has hitherto been done to simplify and cheapen the process of reading by touch. This neglect is partly due to the devotion to rival systems of embossed printing, which has absorbed so much attention. The trouble which, rightly bestowed, might already have multiplied books, has been wasted in the search for an ideally perfect type in which to print them. Mr. Frere's system is "based entirely on the phonetic principle, and is conveyed to the touch of the blind reader by a series of stenographic signs." It is, in fact, "an elaborate system of shorthand," with an alphabet of twenty-nine signs composed of angles, crescents, and dots. Mr. Lucas's system is also one of shorthand. It has an alphabet redundant in eight characters, and deficient in ten, and the signs have usually two or more distinct meanings. Thus, an upright comma stands for *h*, and *h* may mean "he," "have," or "hither." Mr. Moore's system retains the ordinary number and names of letters, but substitutes for the Roman character a set of combinations of one or two lines. All these helps to reading have two great defects. If the blind man could read before he became blind his previous knowledge is thrown away. If he could not do so, the use of an arbitrary alphabet—still more of shorthand—prevents him from getting any help from people who can see, unless they happen to be acquainted with the particular system employed. In the case of the embossed Roman type, if a blind child comes to a hard word he has simply to ask any one who can read to spell it for him. With the other characters, the help at command is limited to those among his fellow-sufferers who have been taught on the same plan with himself:—

The use of the Roman letter helps the blind boy to read as all the rest of the world reads; to spell and to write as they do. The other three systems absolutely prevent his doing so, and inflict upon him the intolerable hardship of learning a semi-barbarous jangle which no one with eyes can understand, and which he himself is unable to express in writing. Sooner or later (the sooner the better) some one system of embossed printing will be generally adopted, and it must embrace at least the following features:—

1. It must resemble as nearly as possible the type in use among seeing men; that the blind scholar, in learning to read, may have every possible help from his remembrance of letters he may once have seen, but which now his fingers must feel for him, or from any one who can read an ordinary book; or, if need be, that a friend may read to him.
2. The words must be correctly spelt in full; that when he learns to write, others may read his written words.
- And 3. All must agree on a clear, sharp type which the finger of the adult, hardened by rough work, and the keen touch of the child may be alike able to discern.

Certainly it is not creditable to our facility of invention that a New Testament in embossed Roman type should still cost 2*l.*, and that, as a natural consequence, books of this kind should be few.

It is, as we have said, unfortunate that Mr. Johns should not have given a fuller account of the particular school upon the merits and successes of which he is so well qualified to speak. No charity is more deserving of public support than an institution for training the blind. However kindly blind children may be treated, it is hardly possible that home teaching should supply the place of the experienced and systematic attention which they meet with in a school specially set apart for them. In almost every detail their education must differ from that given to ordinary children. They can learn nothing from imitating others; every step in their progress must be conscious and individual. Even the occasional illustrations from his own observations at St. George's Fields, which are scattered over Mr. Johns' pages are extremely interesting. The gradual disappearance of that listless discontent which often characterizes the untrained blind must be worth watching. The new-comer, hitherto accustomed perhaps to one small room, is introduced into a rambling building, stretching over nearly two acres of ground. For the first few days he has to depend on a teacher's, a fellow-pupil's, hand, for all the guidance he wants. In a month or so, however, all this will be altered, and he will "find his way

from the dining-room to the basket-shop, and down that shop 150 yards long, just to the very sight of his own box." In this shop there are some fifty boys and men, all talking or humming tunes as they work, and constantly moving from one part of the room to another. But in spite of this constant noise, a boy who wants to ask his teacher about some detail of his work knows if he has left the room, and rises, without hesitation, the instant the door opens for his return, though numbers of people may have passed in during the interval. After working-hours on a wet winter's day, the shop is filled with boys, walking round it in couples, talking or singing uproariously. "Every two minutes some boy darts out from the crowd, or rushes in to join it, but in neither does he jostle friend or foe." Another shop serves after six, P.M. as a club-room for the first twenty boys in the school, where they play chess or draughts, emboss letters to their friends, or listen to a teacher who has volunteered to read aloud to them, the latter of course being an especial treat, from the scarcity of books in their own character. These, and a very few other, passing notices are all that Mr. Johns gives us. It is to be hoped that when he next writes on a subject which he might so easily make his own, he will supply this defect; and, instead of the additional biographies which he promises, give us more details derived from his own experiences among living blind people. There may be smaller and less proficient schools, which would be glad to profit by the history of St. George's Fields: and nothing is so likely to lead to the multiplication of such undertakings as the publicity given to the success which has attended one of them.

From The Saturday Review.

FRANCE.

It is perhaps more than a mere fanciful guess to conjecture that this year will mark, in more than one way, an epoch in the history of the Second Empire. It is the year of the badly patched-up peace with Prussia and the decisive failure of the Mexican expedition on the one hand, and it is the year of the Exhibition on the other hand. The things are more connected than may be apparent at first sight. On both sides there is a certain amount of success and a

certain amount of failure. Both show what the EMPEROR can do, and what he cannot do. Both fix in some measure the character of his reign. Possibly hereafter the Empire may take a new colouring. There may be reverses, great disasters, an angry people to conciliate, a despairing people to encourage. But at present the Second Empire is successful, and yet its success is not extreme. It is a mixed and imperfect success, like most successes in the world. Things are different from what they were a few years ago, when the world, or at any rate France, believed that the EMPEROR was an enthroned Fate, and that France was the arbitress of the world. At one point of his reign the EMPEROR may be said to have attained the height of what his subjects call a mad success. He was the one person in Europe of whom all Europe thought and talked. Even Europe did not suffice as a sphere for his genius. He was to make Egypt his washpot, and to cast his shoe over Cochín China. Every thing seemed to conspire to favour him. The civil war broke out in the United States, and the opportunity offered itself for an enormous and unexpected development of French influence in America. The genius of the Tuileries had his foot on the four quarters of the world. If a moment were to be fixed at which the first wild success of the Second Empire reached its height, it would perhaps be difficult to make a better choice than to point to the time when the Mexican expedition had been fairly undertaken, and before the insurrection in Poland had gained head. It was this insurrection that first showed there were affairs which the EMPEROR found were too great for him. There was something he could not do. In face of the ill-concealed hostility of Germany, and the enormous difficulty of grappling with Russia on Russian soil, he recoiled. France pushed him on, but he would not run the risk. Then came the Danish affair, then the humiliating intervention of the United States in the Mexican quarrel. It began to be evident that the Empire had entered on its second stage. It was successful, but not so very, so outrageously, successful. The EMPEROR wished to enjoy what he had got rather than to get any thing more. He began to watch events rather than to guide them. At first he was thought to be pursuing a masterly policy of inaction. Then it dawned upon Europe that he was inactive, not because he was keeping back his strength in order to make a great effort, but because he did not know what to do, and wished to do

nothing, if only it was possible for him to do nothing for long. France accepted the change with good-humour, and was content that the EMPEROR should himself enjoy repose, and let his subjects make money. This second period, the period of moderate success and moderate glory, has now reached its culminating point. It may not pass away at present, but it is not probable that any of the years to come will show its real character more fully.

Politically, also, the character of the Empire in its second stage has been shown conspicuously this year. The end of the Mexican expedition was a great blow to the EMPEROR, but it was also in one way a great triumph to him. It showed that a single disaster could not shake his power or lessen his hold over the nation. France acknowledged that the expedition was a great mistake; but it did not think ill of the EMPEROR for having made it. That the EMPEROR had really sought the glory of France was recognised, and also that he had been guided by motives some of which were very creditable to him and to the nation in whose name he acted. It may be doubted whether the Mexican expedition has done the EMPEROR any permanent and irreparable harm; and it is very creditable to France that she should bear so little grudge against a ruler for having led her into so sad a scrape. The French do not feel the humiliation of having had to retire at the bidding of the Americans. They think that the whole thing was an outlandish mysterious sort of affair which happened in regions where France had nothing to do, and where she could not possibly show her strength. Nor is there, so far as appears on the surface, any increased wish for liberty in France. The French people are profoundly indifferent to the debates in the French Chamber. They do not even care about the Budget. They do not mind money being spent so long as their own incomes keep good, and they think no one is so likely to help to make them good as the EMPEROR. The EMPEROR promised certain concessions to the friends of liberty some months ago; but he has altered his mind, and does not carry out his promise. No one cares very much which course he takes. It is for him to look out and judge which course will be the most profitable for him and for France. If any thing may be said confidently of a country which has so often taken Europe by surprise, it may be now said of France with confidence that there is not any chance whatever of a movement against the EMPEROR or the Empire arising from a desire for

more liberty. Nor has the EMPEROR lost any of his hold on the classes which really support him. He is as sure of the army, of the peasants, and of the lovers of a profitable peace as he ever was. The present position of the Empire, politically speaking, is that of a decisive success, although the EMPEROR has lately met with too many rebuffs to make it possible to say that his success is unalloyed. The one single thing that France asks of him is that he should continue to be moderately successful. There are things that touch France to the quick, and as to these things France demands that her wishes shall be satisfied. At present, it must be owned, France is not satisfied with the conclusion of the affair of Luxemburg. There are perhaps hardly a dozen men in Paris who believe that the war threatened a few weeks ago is any thing more than adjourned. France is uneasy because it is not quite clear that she came out of the quarrel with a manifest and satisfactory triumph. It is this feeling which may before long put an end to the second period of the French Empire. We may believe that, if he finds the country bent on war, the EMPEROR will let it have its way; and if war comes, the reign of a mild and moderate success must necessarily come to an end.

The Paris Exhibition is an excellent type of the Empire in its second stage. It shows how many resources France has in herself, and how much of the world is willing to acknowledge her influence and minister to her pleasure. The Empire has two great sides — its industrial side and its political side. It has done very much for the industry of France. It has spent money very freely, but there is no sign that it has spent it badly. Any one who travels by any route between England and Paris may see how much France is advancing; how many new good buildings there are, not only in towns, but in villages; and how much the cultivation of the soil is improving. All the great towns have been not so much improved as rebuilt. Street after street, boulevard after boulevard, is made in Paris, and yet building does not appear to be overdone. It is said that the Paris workmen are employed because the Government does not dare to let them be without employment. There may or may not be truth in this, but that which the Paris workman produces does not appear to be overdone. A Government can order buildings to be erected; but it cannot order that, when erected, they shall be let to good tenants, or sold at a handsome price. In Paris house-rent is still dear, and a house,

even in a quiet situation, costs its purchaser what would be reckoned a good round sum in England. This triumphant progress of French industry is well represented in the Exhibition. No one who passes through its numerous circles can help feeling that there is in the France of the present day a prodigious activity. In art, in the production of ornaments, in the construction of machinery, French genius is, if not great, yet at least abundant, lively, and forcible. The French pictures, for example, are not wonderful; but they are large and numerous, and of a very even excellence. They are not so odd or so ambitious as the English pictures in the adjacent department, but they are much more free from faults, and seem the product of a country which can produce easily and abundantly artists who are perfectly well contented with themselves, and have good reason to be so. Then France has managed to get a wonderful variety of contributions from other nations, and the greatest personages in Europe have been persuaded to come to see the show. The Exhibition is, therefore, in one sense, successful; but no one can think it very successful. Even in Paris it is a little despised. It reduces Exhibitions to their ultimate expression. It is a very big shop, not very entertaining to look at, wearisome to go through, and annoying in the obtrusiveness of its advertisements. This huge shop is placed in a sort of glorified Cremona. That which the mob, which comes to be instructed, cares most to stay for, is supplied in abundance. There is a vast amount of eating and drinking, and there is an infinity of little booths into which wanderers may peep, and see, according to their fancy, stuffed cows, or Belgian pictures, or live fish, or artillery. The prevailing impression that the Exhibition leaves is that of a comic mediocrity. We may hope that it will be the end of Exhibitions, now that it is found that to be very instructive they must be ugly, and that to be very attractive they must be silly. If only the jobbers will let us alone, the arts and sciences may be trusted henceforth to go on advancing in a quiet and sensible way.

From the Saturday Review, 3 Aug.

RUMORS OF WAR.

THE *Moniteur* has managed, by half a century of lying under the orders of every possible kind of Government, to establish

such a reputation that it is only believed when the news it gives is bad news. If it chose to say that the relations of France with Prussia are so bad that war must ensue in a month's time, every one would be sure it was right, for the mere publication of such an article would be in itself a cause of war. But when the *Moniteur* tries to re-assure the public, the effect is not to re-assure any one, but to set every one wondering what is the object that the Government has in view. It may be to blind the world, it may be to gain favour at impending elections, it may even be to tell the truth. But no one can be sure which interpretation is the right one. The *Moniteur* this week has issued one of these re-assuring manifestoes, and the Bourse, out of compliment to the Government and in order that so important a document might not seem destitute of all effect, kindly acknowledged its issue by registering a temporary advance of about twenty centimes. That was the money value of the probability that the *Moniteur* meant what it said. But although no announcement that the *Moniteur* could make would dispel the prevailing uneasiness, yet what the *Moniteur* said was probably true. The gist of the article was, that there is nothing in the diplomatic relations of France and Prussia which need lead to a rupture; and this is no more than the truth. There is no cause of quarrel between the two nations. There are grievances which, if France and Prussia were only looking out for something to fight about, might easily be made serious enough; but, so long as peace is desired, these grievances can be kept in a very small compass. The Prussian diplomatists accuse the French of intriguing in the South German States, to prevent their acceptance of a commercial alliance with Prussia. As these intrigues, even if they existed, have been unsuccessful, the Prussians may easily pardon them, unless they are in a very warlike frame of mind. On the other hand, the French complain of the way in which the Prussians are treating the Danes. By the Treaty of Nikolsburg, Prussia undertook to hand over North Schleswig to Denmark if a popular vote showed that the transfer was really desired by the inhabitants of the locality. Prussia has hitherto refused to carry out this part of her agreement. In the first place, she cannot make up her mind what territory was referred to in the stipulation. She lays it down as a preliminary axiom that it could not possibly have been meant to include any position of the faintest strategi-

cal use to Prussia, and to carry out this view requires some very nice geographical manœuvring. In the next place, she is filled with a tenderness for the minority in North Schleswig which would win the admiration of Lord CAIRNS. The majority, being Danes, will vote for the annexation to Denmark, but what is to become of the German minority? They must be protected, and Denmark must agree in the most explicit and binding way to protect them. It is obvious that France can make this affair of North Schleswig as trivial or as important as she pleases. She can either say that the engagement of Prussia is with Austria, not with France, and that Prussia is quite right to protect Germany; or she can say that Prussia virtually contracted with France, through whom the provisions of Nikolsburg were arranged, and that Prussia is trying to get a perpetual right of intervening in Danish affairs. If peace is desired, Schleswig may be looked at in a very peaceable way; although it would be the ground of a very pretty quarrel if either party really wished to fight.

There is also in the general situation of European politics much to make the continuance of peace probable. The Emperor of the FRENCH may be believed when he declares that he does not want war, for war would make him exchange a position of easy comfort for a position of difficulty and hazard. He is also capable of taking large views of politics, and probably there is no one in France who surpasses him in the power of looking at the consolidation of Germany from a German point of view. As he has taken the trouble to declare in the *Moniteur*, he would lose the sympathy of the democratic party in Europe if he set himself to baffle the wishes and hopes of the German people without a very clear and unimpeachable ground of war. Count BISMARCK has also enough on his hands to employ him, and if he can but keep what he has got without fighting to retain it, he will really win the greatest victory he could achieve. France, again, must see in the present position of Italian affairs a strong reason for preserving peace at present. The everlasting Roman question threatens once more to obtrude itself, and it is with the greatest difficulty that the Italian Government can repress the revolutionary zeal of those who wish to make Rome at once Italian. Things at Rome cannot go on quietly. It was arranged that the POPE should be left alone, and should have a force of his own. He got a force of his own recruited from the French army; but it was

the old story over again. His soldiers would not stay in his army. It was a service of which they got rapidly sick, and then what was to be done? A French General was instructed, as the *Moniteur* tells us, "to inquire into the causes which had led to desertions from the Antibes Legion;" and he was reported to have told the POPE's troops, that it was not only wrong, but dangerous, to run away from the POPE's army, because they really still remained French soldiers. To this the Italian Government naturally replied that, if this was the case, the French intervention was not over. So long as peace endures, small difficulties of this sort may be surmounted; but if war once broke out nothing could prevent the Italians from seizing on Rome. If France wished for the aid of Italy, the object must be effected with the connivance of France, and this would plunge the EMPEROR into a vast amount of internal difficulties. Or else France must interfere to prevent the abolition of the temporal power, and, even if an open rupture with Italy were avoided, a portion of the French army large enough to cause a very serious blank in the forces necessary to combat Prussia must be detached to overawe Italy. It is true that, to preserve the temporal power and to take vengeance on Italy, Austria might possibly be willing to side with France; but if we are to pursue speculation into such remote possibilities, we must go on to say that Russia would probably see in an alliance with Prussia the best means of having her own way in the East. A general European war might easily arise out of a quarrel between Prussia and France, but then this probability is of all things that which would make these two Powers least disposed to let loose the waters of strife.

If, then, there is no diplomatic quarrel between France and Prussia, if the rulers of neither nation wish for war, if France has in Italy a special inducement to keep the peace, and if the horrors and dangers of a general European war threaten to issue out of any collision, how does it happen that every one in France and Prussia talks of war, and thinks of war, and prepares for war? That France is making considerable military preparations seems as well established as any fact can be that a despotic Government tries to conceal, and Count BISMARCK has warned the Prussians that they must expect to have to defend by the sword what they have gained by the sword. Both in Germany and in France trade is virtually at a standstill.

Vast sums are being accumulated in the banks, with the avowed object of having them in readiness when war makes loans necessary, and when operations on a gigantic scale will bring rich harvests to capitalists. Those who know the facts best are most positive in thinking that war will break out before long. The reason is, that the two nations have a longing for war. They may be kept back by prudence and the thought of consequences, and by the caution of their rulers; but they long to fight. The Germans think that the French are trying to meddle in what are purely German affairs, and that it is much better to nip their arrogant pretensions in the bud than to let France dictate what Germany shall and what it shall not do. The French think that the Prussians, by an audacious and tyrannical use of military force, are establishing a Power that will certainly rival France, and possibly throw her into the shade. The violent speech of Baron DUPIN went very little, if at all, beyond the ordinary feelings and expressions of Frenchmen towards Prussia. They think they are being tricked, with their eyes open, out of their pre-eminence in Europe. They might, they imagine, stop the whole mischief if they would but act at once; but Prussia goes on undisturbed, works hard and fast, and will soon be able to set France at defiance. This it is that irritates the French so much—they feel the opportunity of acting profitably is slipping away from them. When these are the feelings of the two nations, it is not wonderful that the journals not directly under the control of the respective Governments should use very bitter language, and find occasion for invective and reproach in every act of the Government and people they detest. Nor is it wonderful that great military preparations should be going on in a time of so much agitation and disquiet. Both the EMPEROR and Count BISMARCK know that the one thing their countrymen would not pardon in them is that war should break out, and find them unprepared. The bitterness of feeling therefore creates these military preparations; and each nation, as it feels itself better prepared, feels itself safer in the indulgence of bitterness of feeling. The best chance of peace continuing lies in the very continuance of peace. The mere fact that war does not begin will do something to calm down angry passions, and make the French accustomed to and tolerant of Prussian aggrandizement. If peace can endure for one year more, it may endure for ten.

From the Spectator 3d of August.

THE LAST DEFEAT OF ROME.

ANOTHER and a terrible blow has this week fallen upon the Papacy, a blow which will affect its authority more directly than the series of reverses which have followed the great defeat at Sadowa. Since that battle, Venetia has been liberated, and the last hope of regaining power in Italy finally swept away. The Polish Church has been virtually released from Papal authority, the Clerical party has been utterly overthrown in Mexico, Church property has been sequestrated throughout Italy, and Ultramontanism has been expelled from the kingdom of Hungary. The Concordat, which had been octroyed there while the Hapsburgs were absolute, required the sanction of the Diet, and with the revival of constitutional life it silently disappeared. In less than twelve months, the Papacy has lost the control of three great kingdoms, a province nearly as large as a kingdom, and property which in Italy, Mexico, and Poland, must be worth at the very least a hundred millions sterling, and might twenty years hence have been valued at thrice that sum. It is a frightful list of misfortunes, yet we doubt if the whole together will be so bitterly felt in Rome as the decision of the 26th July, when the Austrian Reichsrath, by a vote of 130 to 24, solemnly decreed that the Concordat should cease to exist. To do Rome justice, there is one thing which, even in her decay, she values more than territory, or revenue, or her temporal place, and that is her spiritual sway, the chance of realizing that ideal of heaven on earth which she has hunted for twelve centuries but never found, or found only for brief periods and over small portions of the earth's surface. Paraguay was like it for a few years, the Tyrol is like it now; but Paraguay is lost, and the Tyrol is but a mountain province. A great and stately kingdom, within which there is no spiritual dissent, and can therefore be no spiritual harshness; in which the Church, being invested with all rights, can show herself careless of all privileges; in which Bishops, receiving abundantly both of respect and cash, need exact nothing—this is the true Roman ideal. Protestants are apt to talk and write as if Rome loved persecution for its own sake, tyranny for some gratification in being tyrannical, as if any human being, Pope or secularist, King or trader, ever wanted to encounter the trouble persecution involves. Rome does not wish to make a hell, but a heaven, on earth. Kings

must, of course, obey her counsel, else were the things of this life elevated above those of the next; Bishops must control education or souls may be tempted to perdition; priests must revise literature, or immortal beings may suffer for their immortality; nuns must control hospitals, or the sick may die unshriven, and souls be tortured with the infamous belief that charity can exist without true rectitude of faith. Legislation must be limited by the Canon, for how can the mundane regulate the divine? Church property must not be taxed, lest ye should steal from the Lord the means of evil; priests must be exempt from the law, lest earthly hands should, without the special warrant of the Church, desecrate the Lord's anointed. But these propositions granted, heartily granted, granted as they are in the Tyrol, where the population rose a few months since in holy insurrection, shocked at the idea of tolerating Protestant worship, Rome is not a persecuting or even a tyrannical power. She does not object to nobles being luxurious or peasants happy, detests slavery, condemns cruelty, utterly refuses to recognize any inequality of any kind among those for whom she holds the keys of Heaven. She simply presses on to her ideal, and if vain men interpose human obstacles, if she has to clear her road by slaughter, or abolish evil by making a solitude, theirs, not hers, is the sin and the responsibility. She had nearly reached, as it seemed, her goal in Austria. After three centuries of contest, after seeing one-third of Germany depopulated in vain, after tragedies innumerable and unavailing, she at length found an Emperor willing, it might be through grace, it might be through policy, to recognize her claims to the full. The Austrian Concordat, which became law on the 5th November, 1855, established throughout the Empire her ideal society. From the Emperor downwards, every person, institution, and thing in Austria was submitted to the Church, education was confided to her, worship was confined to her, every grand transaction of life — birth, marriage, burial — could be legalized only by her assent. The Bishop was the Providence of his diocese, the priest the Lar of his commune, every hospital was surrendered to nuns, every school to the fathers, every charity to an affiliated order. So perfect was the organization, that women died in the Lying-in Hospital of Vienna because none but nuns could attend them, and nuns held their pruderies more important than human life. Except to an obedient Catholic, civil life was a gloomy prison, but to an obedient

Catholic, not being pregnant, it was a land of pleasant probation, a path from which every stumbling-block had been removed, in which every one, however humble, travelled under escort. For eleven years the priests perfected their work, murmuring now and then at human perversity, but always advancing, until at last the Papacy could boast of one land in Europe where her dreams had become realities, one empire in which she reigned without the necessity of violence. Eleven years of peaceful rule, eleven years of Catholic education, eleven years during which a priest in every household possessed the authority of a father, and then came Sadowa, and then a free Parliament, and then — the entire fabric melted gently. The whole authority of the Church exercised unchecked for eleven years, had failed to convince a population originally Catholic that the Catholic ideal was endurable. In vain did the Government plead that the Concordat was a treaty, and beyond the range of parliamentary discussion. In vain did the Minister of Justice beg humbly for time to conciliate the Vatican. In vain did the Tyrolese and Slovacks, faithful servants of the Church, ignorant and innocent as cows, threaten secession and denounce infidels in Parliament; a perverse generation had made up its mind to prefer darkness to this intolerable glare of heavenly light, and by a majority of more than four-fifths, the representatives of the Austrian people, the most docile and Catholic race remaining in the world, a race two centuries behind Parisians, decreed that the Concordat should end. One German only voted for the Pope, and he voted only out of spite, because the resolutions took the gloss off a still stronger measure of his own. Education should be secular, come of souls what might; marriage should be a civil contract, sacrament or none; every confession should be free, whether to pray or proselytize, even if the Devil were the earliest schismatic. That a government should go wrong is what Rome expects, for at heart her confidence in earthly princes is but small, — had not Ferdinand of Naples been heard on one occasion to declare that the Holy Father was an impertinent nuisance? — but that a whole people uninfected by heresy, drilled for eleven years in implicit obedience, should declare canons unendurable, should abolish a treaty with the Pope, should recognize heretics as human beings! — Rome has rarely been so melancholy. And truly it is a great blow. If there was a place where Rome might hope for genuinely popular

support it was Austria, where heresy had been so sedulously extirpated, and where the population, unlike that of Prussia or England, has a natural proclivity towards Catholicism, is not stiff-necked, is not specially desirous of any right of private judgment, prefers, on the whole, to have its thinking done for it. Yet even Austria has found Ultramontaniam too heavy a burden, and after trying it on conditions fixed by Rome itself for eleven years has shaken it from her neck. If Austrians could not bear it, who will? and if it is not borne by any one, if the Church is never to act except through spiritual weapons, never to protect its flock, or punish wolves, or pet its sheep-dogs, how is the ideal heaven on earth ever to be realized? Is the Kingdom of Heaven to be confined to the Tyrol and to Spain?

The vote, though not yet accepted by the Government, is, we imagine, irreversible. The Emperor, however carefully trained, has learned wisdom in a rough school, and though Royal, cannot now be much less enlightened than an average Viennese burgher. His Premier or Chancellor of the Empire is a Protestant, with no other idea of priests than that they are cheap policemen; his nobles, though Catholic, have the strong dislike of foreign and sacerdotal aggression aristocracies always display. The Council of Ten, before Protestantism was heard of, never could stand the Pope; and the English nobles before Luther, Catholic to the toes, urged Henry VII. to secularize the Church. The one hope of the Hapsburgs is to conciliate the people, and the people will not live the Roman ideal life. If it is forced on them — and Rome would not falter in the forcing — they will take the final step, and place themselves, at any risk to their souls, under the House of Hohenzollern, so heretical but so patriotic, so deeply excommunicated but so just, so certain to be damned in the next world, but so certain also to succeed in this. The dread of such a calamity awes the Kaiser, and may even awe the Pope, but we do not think it will. It is believed both at Vienna and Rome that the Society of Jesus is opposing to the demand for a withdrawal of the Concordat the ancient weapon of Rome, indefinite delay. What is a year, a generation, a century, to Rome? Napoleon may be stirred up to fight Prussia, Bismarck may die, the Kaiser may repent, anything may occur if only there is time, and meanwhile the Colleges will consider affectionately the Emperor's demand. The Vatican, once wisest of Courts, smiles calmly over the wisdom

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which secular politicians have long since abandoned as unwise, the policy of *laissez-faire*, and sits quietly, unaware that a yet heavier bolt is soon about to descend. The Kaiser was Hapsburg before he was Catholic, and within three years the vast possessions of the Church in Austria will have been seized to pay the interest due on debts owned mainly by heretics and Jews. With the Lutherans rising daily higher, Spanish America fallen or falling away, whole Catholic races asserting the right of private judgment upon Sacraments, a Mussulman Sovereign received by all Europe, an indifferentist Republic growing steadily into a terror to the world, Italian troops steadily drawing in towards St. Peter's itself, where half the Bishops of Christendom in conclave are declaring the Papacy divine, the Vatican must perceive that it is gazing into a somewhat hopeless world.

ORATION. — BY REV. A. L. STONE, D. D.

Delivered at the Fourth Annual Meeting of the Associated Alumni of the Pacific Coast, held at Oakland, California, on the 5th June, 1867.

Mr. President, and Gentlemen of the Alumni: —

In the ordinary habit of our thought, we do not associate maternity with youth. A mother's welcome, while it breathes the cherishing tenderness which never grows old, has in it also, as we usually conceive it, something of the venerableness of age. All the more is this true, if we speak the word not in reference to the household tie, but as expressing the gentle providence of institutions which have molded and nurtured our intellectual life. But as we turn back this day from the manifold dusty paths our feet have been treading, to keep the annual tryst of our literary memories and fellowship, the genius of this scene, greeting us at her gateway, is so young and fair that it seems a liberty for bearded lips to offer filial salutations. Youthful vows were a more appropriate tribute to this girlish matron than the sentiment of veneration. Here are no ancient academic shades, keeping in their whispering leaves, and telling to-day on the summer air, the memorial of classic generations. Our grove wears, indeed, the honors of many years, but the antiquity is of nature, not of humanity, much less of the lineage of student life.

We have a new college and a new State,

adventuring the future together. If here are no smooth-worn thresholds of halls of learning, here also around us are no moss-grown walls of empire. The youngest of these "*magistri artium*" is older than California as an American State, and thrice as old as the young mother dismissing him to-day with the laurels of her favor, to work out practically the horoscope of his destiny.

Let me keep hold of this association of civic and literary life, and detain you, for a while, upon this theme — *The relation of the College to the State*. While I use the term "State" in its fuller and more comprehensive meaning, the discussion will have its chief bearing upon the growth and fortunes of our own Pacific commonwealth. Certainly, unless all our hopes deceive us, unless the bright prophecies of our brief but rapid and almost miraculous progress speak with lying lips, unless the indomitable energy and enterprise of our American character fail this once, and on a theater so inspiring, there is before us, on these shores, a splendid and marvellous future. If we measure our coming advance only by the past, what a prodigious growth in all the fruits of a prospering and victorious civilization will not the next score of years display. Before we shall have exhausted the last third of this declining century, the waters of this Bay will be girded with one almost unbroken zone of population and wealth; around this serrated margin of twice a hundred miles, parted only by the seaward gate and the northern strait, village will stretch its hand to village, and town to town; the gardens of fair country seats will touch one another; yonder metropolis, crowned Queen of the Pacific, will be peer in her jewelled magnificence to any throned rival on this Western Continent; a hundred convoys of trade, travel and treasure will tread, with flashing feet, the length and breadth of this sunny harbor; from these mountain sides, tolerant of culture to the very summit, and on the twin rivers that drain our broad interior valley, will pour down agricultural supplies enough to fill the granaries of a nation; the marshy wastes of tule lands, redeemed from winter overflow and cleared of their reedy forests, will show the bloom of boundless garden-prairies; the torn ravines of mining regions will be built into picturesque and populous towns; iron tracks will stretch away through the interminable northern forests, making Oregon and Sitka our neighbors; between the snowy peaks of the Sierra Nevadas, shaking the dust of the desert from his mane, the iron horse,

caparisoned in our farthest East, will thunder down these western slopes; the confluent streams of a world-wide immigration will pour in their floods of vigorous life; the peaceful ocean will empty through the ever-open Golden Gate the spoils of fleets freighted in China and the Indies; and the ceaseless enginery of our mints will coin from out our hills the shining currency of a wealth to whose copiousness God and nature alone can set bounds.

I know the American dialect is thought to have a large capacity for boastful periods, and this picture which I have sketched may seem to some colored with hues of dreamland. But only recite the sober record of facts which half the lifetime of a generation has chronicled amid these homes, and we have a more wondrous poem than I have sung for twice that range of future years. To this large coming development, we of the present stand in the relation of foster parents. We are architects and builders of this rising greatness. Not that in our indolence or neglect the august fabric will not go up, but that the strength of that fabric and the moral aspect of that greatness will depend upon the foundations thus early laid, and the aims and uses which the builders propose. The determinate influence of Educational Institutions upon the whole problem, we cannot, without underlying the just imputation of folly and crime, refuse to weigh. Our citizenship in the State, as well as our allegiance to letters, or in fewer words, our duty as patriot scholars, constrains the discussion to which we now advance.

1. We want the College in the new young life of the State, as a bond with the past. There is no such thing as a full and complete life for the individual or for the State, if that life does not join itself to the whole life of humanity. Much of the past will, indeed, empty itself in upon us without our consciousness. The rudest will inherit more generously than he knows of the treasures accumulated in by-gone ages. He is the child of a long line of progenitors, though he cannot name his ancestry. But in proportion as his ignorance isolates him from the results of the sum total of human progress, must his life be fragmentary and unendowed. He is a foundling, for whom there is waiting an heirship of riches and honors unrevealed to him, and by which, therefore, his poverty and obscurity will never be relieved.

By our circumstances and history, this same isolation characterized our early beginnings as a commonwealth. Our infancy

was that of a foundling. We were disconnected with the old. Laws, religions, hometies, and all the sweet and solemn voices of philosophy, faith and letters, were left behind when we were flung upon these western shores to struggle as we could out of anarchy and barbarism. Our social being was not the onflow of a stream holding in its deep and broad channel the tributaries of all past times and growths, but a solitary fountain, gushing single, fitful and turbid in the wilderness. We have to connect the issue of this fountain with that grand current bearing on its bosom and mingling in its waters the world's full life and thought. Deny to us, deny to any people, no matter what their origin and story, the record and knowledge of the past, the testimony of humanity's long empiric travail, and such connection remains impossible. How great the forfeiture! "When ancient opinions and rules of life are taken away," says Burke, "the loss cannot possibly be estimated. From that moment, we have no compass to govern us; nor can we know distinctly to what port to steer." Lost are the influence and example of the illustrious dead, the heroic deeds that kindle and feed the flame of valor and self-devotion, the quickening and instructive annals of history, the songs of the bards—stairways to the heaven of imagination—the warning voiced forth in the reiterated lessons of man's errors, frailties and passions; the teachings of philosophy wrestling with the great questions of truth and the soul, the painful but resolute steps of explorers and discoverers leading on the ages after them up the heights of science, the full intelligence of causes, natural and philosophic, seen at work in the present, but whose origin, nature, and alliances lie remote up the centuries; the slow but grand drama of the mute earth, proceeding under the twin ministry of two great magicians—fire and water—from her primal chaos to the fair completeness of her verdurous hills, her islanded deep, and her steadfast mountains, and the lengthening golden chain that makes us one in blood and sympathy, history and heritage, with the whole human family.

Would it be but a trifling bereavement of our modern civilization thus to orphan it from the maternity and nurture of the past? As well girdle an oak, and expect its branches to bear up the same wealth of frondent and lusty life; as well cut off in mid-length that northern river that empties the great lakes, and expect its channel to bear on the same majestic stream to the sea.

But the guardianship and transmission of this dowry of the past are in the hands of the world's teachers as trustees for mankind. These treasures are locked up in the languages of dead empires, the systems of buried sages, the alcoves of old libraries, the laboratories of science. The halls of liberal culture open backward into these galleries of antiquity, and onward into the life of the present, giving to the exploring eye, beneath their arches, the long vista of the progress of the race.

What is our sacred trust for the future? What have we to transmit to those who come after us? A name only, and a clear field for adventure; or the entire riches which the ages have accumulated, and for which the generations which have gone down to the dust have wrought through the heat of great harvest days?

We ask no unreasoning homage for the wisdom of the elders; but a little more reverence for antiquity will not hurt us in our personal and national development. It is needed as a corrective of that flippant self-sufficiency that dashes with arrogance our confident American energy, and of that smattering of universal knowledge that conceives it has nothing to learn. The spirit of the true scholar is the spirit of humility, and the reverent inquirer after truth finds that—

"Study is like the heaven's glorious sun,
That will not be deep-search'd with saucy looks."

2. We want the College, again, in alliance with the life of the State, for the security and honour of republican principles. We believe in a Government not of despotic force, nor of kings enthroned "*jure divino*," nor of a privileged class, of better blood and clay and larger political rights than the mass of the governed; but of equal laws, framed by the popular will, expressing and guarding popular rights, and administered by representatives elected by popular suffrage. It is one of the commonplaces of political truths, that despotism can maintain itself only in the unreasoning debasement of its subjects. Ignorance and superstition are the twin pillars of all unequal and oppressive political systems.

These sayings are as familiar with us as household words; but they need continual and emphatic re-utterance. Against every form of unjust privilege and political absolutism, the one conquering and invincible champion is popular education. Light antagonizes force with a soft and silent but

resistless mastery. It debates the questions of privilege, it examines the foundations of caste; it sifts the theories of special and restricted rights; it illumines and dispels the illusions of kingcraft and tyranny, as the beams of morning the dark retrings shadows of night; it discovers the true sources of political power, and gives voice to the deathless instinct of humanity, pleading before in dumb murmurings for its inalienable endowments of "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness."

Education, especially where it is large and liberal, gives the broad mind and the catholic spirit, enlarges from all narrowness, emancipates from prejudice, and nurtures universal sympathies. This is the original force of the term *liberal* education, the fine and true philosophy shut up in language itself. Education is a liberator; it makes thought free, inquiry free, belief the child of light and full conviction, the whole manhood free. And in this disenthraling process it quickens in us the fraternal recognition of all other manhood. The close encircling barriers that isolate man from man, by the accidents of birth and place, of race and colour, are thrown down by this expansive force; and a large and just view of our common nature, as in origin, faculties and possibilities one, sweeps all who wear the image of God within the wide horizon and the tender bonds of the universal human family.

By such enlargement, we touch the deep, vital principle of genuine Republicanism—the true doctrine of political equality. That doctrine is the equality of man with man, as a creature of God—in all the powers of a reasoning mind and an immortal soul; an equality, which titles and purples, and political prescriptions and social interdicts, however they may overlay and obscure, cannot disturb. A republican equality thus discerned and understood will be fearless and consistent. It will outlaw all caste. It will suffer no brand of serfdom and villenage, and no shadow of such a brand to rest upon any forehead that covers a human brain. In due process of enfranchisement, it will crown with the full honors and immunities of citizenship all within the bounds of the State whom it calls its fellow men.

But the provision for liberal culture does not content itself with a mere proclamation of republican equality, however true in principle and noble as a testimony. It works out the practical elevation of the lowly. It lets down a ladder to the very lowest grade of social life, on which the humblest

aspirant may climb to the highest. In lands where aristocratic institutions order the social scale, as in England, the chief places of honour and emolument are awarded, as the rule, by interest, and birth, and titled precedence. With us the class is larger than with any other people, of those who are dependent upon self-help for all personal and professional success; and while our political theories say to the brown son of penury and toil, the child of the plowman and the artisan, "You are the peer of the heirs of wealth and station," our system of education offers to his hand the prizes which the slack fingers of effeminate fortune reach after in vain. The wealth of a nation's intellectual life is thus immeasurably increased, and she is served in her high places of trust and duty by the most vigorous of her sons. The succession of her great men and strong leaders is veined continually by fresh blood. There is no ruling class, keeping its overshadowing ascendancy long after it has become effete with indolence, luxury, and vice. New names and new families rise out of the stern schools of want and hardship, bringing up from such nurture men of bone and muscle for the charge of great enterprises, and the tasks of public life. The purest gems of mental brilliance, which had else kept their lusters hid in "dull imprisonment," are thus unearthed, wrought and polished, and set to shine with guiding splendour in the nation's coronet. Nor is this the triumph of plebeian weakness, the crowning of rudeness and rusticity, to the shame and discountenancing of elegance and courtliness. It is the promotion and the accrediting of the only worthy aristocracy, the peerage of intellect, the nobility of learning and thought, starred with the brilliants of wit, and ermined with the refinement of lettered culture.

And this issue guards our republican development from peril on another side. The wide diffusion of popular intelligence overthrows the supremacy of tyrannic force, but does it not create the ambitious demagogue, and lead to a war of factions and parties? Where the many are stimulated by uncontrolled aspirations, and the prizes of advancement, free to all, are the reward of the strongest and most resolute, what is to prevent that war of Titans in which the many shall contend with equal arms, as when Greek meets Greek, each for his own pre-eminence? And when it is found, (as it soon must be found in such a conflict) what force there is in combinations, what shall prevent the renewal of the strife, with

broader front and more formidable tactics, by those stronger spirits who will seize the truncheon of command, and march against their rivals with a partisan host at their heels? But this same intelligence gives authority to the calm counsels of reason, inspires just conceptions of the public good, connects that common welfare with the best hopes of all and of each, instructs the popular mind as to the horrors of anarchy, evolves the true nature and limitations as well as the proper beneficence of the social compact, and cuts short the career of selfish ambition, by a demand for what is just and equal for the commonwealth. The demagogue finds no leadership save with those whom he can deceive and beguile; and anarchy seeks its throne in Mexico, rather than under the shining heavens of the land of Washington.

Thus our Republicanism is not only conserved, but ennobled. Its institutes and laws are not the creatures of ignorance and prejudice, carrying on their front as they invite the scrutiny of mankind the confession of weakness, coarseness, and puerility. Self-government with us is the government of a nation of readers, a nation of thinkers, a nation of debaters, guided by the freest and fullest philosophic discussion of every great measure incorporated in its treaties, statutes and policies. Let the archives of courts and cabinets, kingly and imperial, the world over, be challenged for a code of public laws surpassing in dignity, purity and wisdom, the written scrolls and annual State papers of our Republican legislation. Thus do the security and honor of free principles go hand in hand under the reign of light and knowledge.

Nor need it be feared that this full and broad culture of letters will, in the supreme stress of some great crisis of danger, enervate the military arm, and train a race of citizens of too delicate a mold of spirit and muscle to defend the life of the Republic against the weapons of war. Those words of the Athenian Commander and Orator, words as instinct with martial ardor as with true homage to letters, we may repeat after him—"We are not enfeebled by philosophy." When the clarion sounded "to arms" in the nation's death-grapple with treason, the loyal ranks were filled, not with stolid and reluctant conscripts, but with thinking, reasoning volunteers, every man of whom saw and weighed for himself the grandeur of the stake for which the deadly game was played. Among all the strong-limbed youths that rose up at the call, there were none that gave a more ju-

bilant response than the dwellers in our peaceful Academic shades. They laid aside the toga of quiet study for the steel of the soldier's harness as though robing for a feast; and on the march, and around the camp-fires and at "the perilous edge" of the fight sang, till every heart was stirred and the heavens rung again, old battle chimes of freedom. They had caught from the storied dead the inspiration of the martyred patriots of all time, and self-devotion for the country's life was as honorable to them as when Curtius leaped, man and horse full armed, into the chasm of the Forum; and treason as infamous as when the great Roman orator thundered in the Senate against Catiline and his fellow conspirators. If we needed such confirmation to our faith and hope, we shall henceforth have no question concerning the alliance of letters with loyalty and valor, since the close of that great struggle that has hung the porches of our college halls with laurels of youthful valor, and thick-starred our catalogues of student life with the imperishable honors of youthful heroes, whose blood has crimsoned a hundred battle-fields for union and liberty.

3. Another office of the College in its influence upon the State will be to correct the tendency to materialism against which all new communities have to guard. That tendency is especially visible in our own local commonwealth. It is, perhaps, inseparable from the task first fronting the settlers on this coast; certainly a legitimate issue of the objects at first pursued. The explorers of a new country naturally find their material wants the most immediate and imperative. They must have food and fire, shelter and water, wharves and roads. If in addition to this necessity their crowning aims are low and material, it will be hard to impregnate their minds with lofty and ideal aspirations. They may display a wonderful diligence, but always with their eyes fixed upon the earth. Their industries, their hopes, their prizes, are of the earth, earthy. If one of them shout, "Eureka," it is not over some victory of science making its laboratory luminous with some precious secret wrested from nature's keeping, nor some fresh demonstration of philosophy establishing a truth for the faith of men; but only that his hand has clutched a lump of gold. Bring before such a mind a scheme to elevate the moral and intellectual life within him and around him, and you talk in riddles. "The future!" it only reaches, before him, to the next rainy season. "His children!" they are on the other side of

the mountains, waiting for him to come and empty his gold dust at their feet. "A Christian civilization!" all that he wants of it is law enough to guard his miner's tent for a year or two, and then the busy ravine where he digs may relapse into utter barbarism. He is indeed no miser. Show him a sick comrade—tell him of wounded and suffering soldiers, and famishing rebels—and he scatters his hoard with generous hand. But ask him to build institutions, and you get no audience, scarcely a comprehending intelligence. He is building his "pile," making haste to top up its pyramidal completeness and transfer it the distant spot he still calls "home." Shall we rise no higher than this fitful, fluctuating life of materialism, this ebb and flow of successful or unsuccessful immigration?

The very presence of an institution of learning suggests other nobler and more permanent than material interests. Its walls of mate masonry are lettered with proclamations visible from afar, that declare man's higher needs and more exalted capacities. There is an atmosphere around it that thrills through the flesh to the imprisoned soul. The dullest eye asks for what do those walls stand, who are the workers within, in what mines do they dig; and the strange utterances that float out from the quiet cells waken echoes in torpid breasts that give the consciousness of a life whose pulses are immortal. From the vantage of its dome, the outlook is wider and keener over the domain of man's being. The horizon broadens from the narrowness of the present and the material to the boundlessness of the spiritual, vital after the body is dust; and the cope that carried only the clouds lifts to take in the orbéd spheres of truth, the starry wonders of science, the great arch toward which the soul wings an endless flight.

The clasped books of knowledge have only to be seen to tempt curious fingers. Their very titles stimulate the desire for possession. Their pictured pages appeal to the æsthetic element, and it breaks through the crust of materialism. The sweet breath of the Ionian Isles wakes still and forever the sense of beauty. Art is wooed as a mistress. Temples rise in pillared majesty, statues leap forth from shapeless marble, and life looks and speaks from the canvas. Tuneful hands take the lyre, poets sing, and literature is born. Voices, whose accents can never die, sweep down the yellow current of the Tiber, and Right, Duty, Fidelity, Constancy, Law, brides of the storied river, lift, on the prow of their barge sailing ever

on, a scroll luminous with their names, demanding men's homage to their queenly rule.

The College is thus the Court of the Ideal. Its ministers serve the scepter of the unseen as though they saw the invisible. Its splendors are not jewels dug out of the earth, nor specimens of golden veins branching among the hills, but gems of ethereal luster which the seers have plucked from the heaven of God's thoughts, and brought down to shine for the guidance of human feet. Its edicts give laws to taste, establish methods for the reason, decree honors to intellectual triumphs, and declare the just rules of civil and social life—the codes of all right legislation in every department of human being.

Under its shadow, the mere material type of living is shamed and rebuked. The higher nobility of serving truth and right, and the growth of the soul, asserts itself without a question; and not material success and barbaric comfort, but spiritual culture, is seen and acknowledged to be the only worthy end of living.

4. Nor do we in this plea overlook the needs of practical life. We provide; in the most effectual manner, for those needs. The College trains the men of practical science who hold the secrets of all useful art, the most fruitful methods of every branch of industry. The time has been when the tillers of the soil preferred the lessons of mother wit and daily experience to all the wisdom of the books, and scouted the learning that wrought its field tasks and raised its crops only in the laboratory. But scientific farming has carried the day. We have had blunders enough of ignorance and self-sufficiency in working the peculiar wealth of our own State, and but a moiety of the legitimate proceeds of our industry is gathered as a practical result. The other moiety is drained off in the sluices of untutored negligence, or empty quackery; and if science itself has sometimes gone astray, or stood at fault before its problems, we have only in this fact a fresh demonstration of the need of more patient and exhaustive study. There was never an industry that more imperatively needed the conduct of exact science to make it safe and profitable than that of this people. If our aims were only practical in the grosser sense, mercenary and material, the shortest avenue to their attainment were through the porches of liberal learning.

The ideal leads the practical; men of thought go before men of action; the student is elder partner of the craftsman, fur-

nishing him his tools and supplying his models, and forever it is true that "where there is no vision, the people perish." A man with no visioned excellence before him, as yet unattained, is at the end of his growth, and has begun to decay. The same is true of communities and nations. All the triumphs of human progress, all the increments of practical growth, are in the inspiration of ideals. Pure intelligence is itself with us ultimately and intensely practical. Not merely in the sense that all work stands still if this mainspring be withdrawn; nor that life is so individualized with us men, laboring not in groups and associations under the intellectual headship of a superintendent, or like a gang of slaves beneath the eye and lash of an overseer, but each his own employer and master: I mean that intelligence has its own sphere of practical work, in which it is a day laborer, and of which the products are as solid and substantial, and as much a matter of common want, as ploughshares and reaping hooks. Need we catalogue these wants, in the supply of which intellectual culture comes into immediate contact with the getting of our daily bread? Why: we want engineers, and surveyors, and chemists, and assayers, and metallurgists, and machinists, and draughtsmen, and interpreters, and editors, and school teachers, and a host of fellow-laborers, and whole departments of professional scholars, whose day's work is of the brain more than of the hand, and all of whom are more nearly or more remotely pensioners upon science and liberal learning. I am almost ashamed to argue so narrowly and upon so low a scale; but the argument is pertinent to what we have all seen and felt of popular prejudice and misconception in our forming public sentiment. And you who are my auditors to-day will agree, without argument, that the noblest practical growth of the State, its truest wealth, and its fairest honor, are not only conditioned upon, but identical with, its highest intellectual advancement.

5. I have one more thought to suggest in the line of our theme: the relation of the College to the permanent and peaceful order of society. For itself, the College demands a settled public tranquillity. Study craves a quiet atmosphere. It must sit down to its work, if it is to work effectively; calm, patient, and secure. It seeks naturally the most sequestered scenes of nature for its bowers. The whispering grove, the bank of the murmuring river, the silent shade, the inclosed guarded quadrangle, rural towns, far from the rattling wheels of

commerce and trade, and the jar of machinery, are its immemorial retreats. Wake the tempest of commotion and change in the heavens over it; let the lightnings of political storms flash beneath its drooping eyelids, and the bolts and shouts of popular revolution crash in upon the absorbed and musing thought; let war blow his trumpet, and the fierce pulses of cannon shake the air, and the spell is fled, the charm is broken, the rapt devotee is dragged rudely back to the loud, clamorous present, and action, instead of study, is the call of the hour. What testimony was that which reached us from distracted Naples at the beginning of this present decade, when the guns of four great forts threatened its streets and dwellings? "Our colleges are comparatively abandoned, and our learned societies exist but in name." What testimony is that, within the decade, from our own rocking land? The Muses fled when the war eagle screamed; science deserted her laboratory for the armory and the bastion; the flood of patriotic ardor drowned out the monkish scholar from his cell; the halls of learning were depopulated; the young recluses sallied forth; the pen and the inkhorn were exchanged for the rifle and the cartridge-box; the student's cassock for the soldier's uniform; and the leaders in the world of letters for the leaders in arms and the field. For its own sake, therefore, the college favors peace and public composure, that its own morning and evening bells may ring clear on the quiet air. It is not an institution for nomadic tribes. It cannot pitch a tent at nightfall, and strike it with the next dawn. It must dig for foundations, and rear solid walls, and lift its steady domes with windows opening to the blue fields above and the blossoming constellations. It asks therefore for restful times, for the hush of all overturning tumults, and seeks to insure settled civil order and the steadfastness of the State.

And what it asks, it helps to give. Where popular intelligence is diffused, revolutionary ideas may be started, but they have to be canvassed. When the demagogue encounters the schoolmaster, his arts are powerless. When priestcraft meets the spelling book and the Testament, its glozing addresses are silenced. In an enlightened community, each individual feels competent to ask questions and try issues. If he be called upon to join a revolutionary faction, his reply is, "Let's look at that." The appeal must be to his reason, not to his passions. He has learned to read, and the ability to read is a demand which creates its supply.

All public measures are put on trial before this wide public tribunal. This reader uses his eyes, and every novel idea of the day is his by nightfall, and he has a judgment upon it. His stock of ideas and judgments, as to public and general economies and policies, grows by continual accessions, and becomes a privy council which he can summon to a session upon every question of doubtful advantage and expediency.

But let it still be remembered that the amount and scope of popular intelligence depend upon the higher institutions of learning among a people. It is the standard in every department of life and manners that determines all beneath. Our judgments of what is comparative are governed by our conception of the superlative. What is high in the presence of great mountains? What is deep when we are sounding the ocean? The College not only systematizes popular education, but sustains it; nay, stimulates and elevates, drawing up the general level toward its own crested summits. They are the great glaciers, and the domed snows of the upper Alpine heights, that keep the valley streams so full and cool; and our Colleges are the primal fountains whence flow so far and wide in this land the streams of knowledge for the people.

It would be a grand omission in this argument, if we failed to remark that the element of light alone is insufficient to establish and insure public tranquillity. One other element must be added. Light and Love must be in partnership for this work. Light without Love is but archangel ruined — the baleful flame of a mighty but malign intellect. Love without Light is blind, and may do the work of Hate. Love to prompt, Light to guide — these together do their work well, and make it permanent and abiding. Associate them in human enterprises, and they are strong as God is strong. Light and Love come into bridal union in the Christian College. The intellectual element, of course, is present. But Minerva rules not here alone. It is the pre-eminent distinction of the Colleges of our land, that they embody so much of the moral and the Christian element. They were not the creatures of State action and endowment. They were founded by pious men who cut the inscription deep over their portals, "*Christo et Ecclesie*." Through them run, for the thirst of ardent and acquisitive natures, not only the streams from classic springs, but the waters of

They are pervaded in a wonderful degree with the beneficent and evangelizing spirit. They stand in closest connection with the ministry of divine truth. They utter not as partisans and agitators, but as commissioned prophets, the sacredness of universal law guarding universal right. They strike thus at the root of all evil, and sow the seeds of all righteous reform. The work of reform may indeed seem to be a disturbing instead of a tranquillizing work, but it tends wisely and directly to abiding peace and solid security. For wrong is an element always of weakness and change, and nothing is settled permanently, under the reign of God, until it is settled right.

So do our Colleges league the State with the ultimate issues of human progress, and with the immovable steadfastness of the throne supreme. They shine as shine the stars of night, not mere revelations of far off, upper spheres, but as lamps of guidance to wanderers in the desert and on the sea. They shine as shines the sun by day, not to display his own royal magnificence, but to bless the waving corn and blushing orchards, to ripen golden harvests, and keep alive the cheerful hum of honest human industry.

Brothers and Fellow-Students: Were we to spend this Festival day simply in the exchange of fraternal greetings, we might doubtless make its hours pleasant in passing, and fragrant in memory. But the pressure of a peculiar and sacred obligation rests upon us. By our double fealty to letters and the State, we owe a debt to the cause of liberal learning. Let us not part from this scene and from one another, without giving and taking pledges to meet this claim to its full discharge.

We are "The Associated Alumni of the Pacific Coast," gathered from many and widely separated beginnings of youthful life and chambers of study. Beloved and venerable to each is the name of that cherishing mother far away, who calls us still her sons. But we are not to-day so much sons of Harvard, or Yale, or of any of the honored sister-band of Eastern Colleges, as we are by our new local designation Resident Alumni of the Pacific Coast.

To whom shall this College of California look for the love and duty of foster-children, if not to us? Who shall feel her bondage to want, and pay the ransom price of her redemption, if not we? Can she underlie the degradation of such a chain, and we keep our honor untarnished? In all her affliction shall not we be afflicted? What shall we answer?

Shall we say that this age and this land

"Siloa's brook that flowed
Fast by the oracle of God."

are too young and new for the prosperity of letters; that our first needs are material, and that institutions of learning must wait? But because of this newness of the present, it is the era of foundations. If we do not now dig deep and build strong, what shall become of the next age? We are fathers of the coming generation — that is, educators — and we must take care that our children rise up and call us blessed:

Shall we say that this is an age of action, too busy for literature and the still life of study and thought? But never was there an age so crowded with thought, emotion, sentiment, purpose, ideas, and utterance as the present; and never one that called so solemnly for teachers of right thought, true ideas, noble purpose, and wise and temperate speech. Our actors are thinkers, orators, poets, philosophers, inventors, discoverers, and men of science. Action with us has a living tongue in the press, an echo in the books by our fireside, an immortal chronicle in history. It cannot, therefore, be dissociated from schools and mental life.

Shall we say that the men of the time can only be stirred to enthusiasm about works which they can complete themselves — the full consummation of which they can look upon and rejoice over — that they may be made willing to sow for splendid harvests, if they may be permitted to reap and bind and garner with their own hands; but that to plow for others to sow, or to sow for other hands to reap, requires a more thoughtful and patient ambition than the masses possess? But who then shall feel the ardor of such a distant but noble hope, and wait with far-seeing sagacity and faith for such a crowning as the world's benefactors? Are we also unequal to this investment in the future? Shall we have nothing germinating in this spring time for the autumn of human advancement, because we ourselves may not live to see harvest days?

I summon you, brothers in letters and fellow patriots; to turn the sentiment with which this hour finds our hearts aglow into a holy purpose; that for the sake of all the high interests of the Commonwealth, with whose honor and whose story our lives now are blended, we will take each in his sphere, and with whatever of personal influence and personal means he can devote, the fortunes of this young College of the State as a sacred charge henceforth upon our hearts; and God make her the mother of coming and countless generations of strong workers for human good and the divine glory!

From the Saturday Review.

THE PENNS AND PENINGTONS.*

THIS is an attempt to create interest in some of the early leaders of the Society of Friends, by exhibiting a sketch of their domestic and personal history in connexion with their public proceedings. Mrs. Webb writes as an admirer and eulogist, and she is one among the many proofs that the hagiographical instinct is not confined to any religious body. She proceeds in an easy and not unpleasant strain, in amusing unconsciousness of the looseness of her large statements and the audacity of her assumptions. The Friends have always shown a tendency to make up for their abstinence from physical force by indulging in strong language about their opponents; and the general *doucereux* character of Mrs. Webb's style is only only corrected by little spiteful flings, whenever a chance offers, again at the "clergy" and the "Established Church." The justice of them is a matter not worth troubling about, either to her or her readers. Persecution is a bad thing in itself to those who suffer it, and perhaps not less so to those who inflict it; but it is unquestionably a very convenient thing to the descendants and representatives of the persecuted, when the persecution is over. This is the reflection which comes of itself into the mind when we read an account such as Mrs. Webb has given of the lives and troubles of some of the early Quakers. The persecutions they went through have encouraged her to conceive the design of making them objects of sympathy and interest to an age which is really quite as much out of sympathy with them as with their persecutors. The Friends' religion, as a distinctive system of what claims to be exclusive truth, is said to be doing little more than just holding its own at present. But if its adherents and advocates can hardly hope to attract very much attention to their doctrines, they can say with truth that they are the children of fathers whose lives, at any rate, had a source of interest which keeps fresh for ages — that is, they suffered for what they believed. They are perfectly justified in bringing the fact to our notice; what the fact may be worth is another matter, and depends on considerations outside itself; but it is a feather in the cap of any sect which has undergone persecution, and no one can find fault with them for making the most of that,

* *The Penns and Peningtons of the Seventeenth Century.* By Maria Webb. London: Killo. 1867.

as of any other advantage. But the greatness of the advantage is brought home to us when it stands nearly alone. The picture which Mrs. Webb gives of these early Quakers has, as all accounts drawn from contemporary records are likely to have, a certain amount of curious detail; but, except to a very limited number of sympathizing readers, the only reason which suggests itself for the book having been written is that there is a good deal in it of suffering for conscience' sake. The characters, with the exception perhaps of William Penn, are those of good, earnest, religious people, but in no respect better or more striking than might be selected with perfect fairness from the biographies of any other of the religious parties of the time. To whatever real indications of individual peculiarities present themselves the writer seems blind, as she proceeds in her gentle sugar-and-water style of praise, not noticing what, if she saw them, she would probably think defects, though to less indulgent or partial readers they seem the most real disclosures given of the man's or woman's true self.

Everybody has heard of the persecutions of the early Quakers, and most people nowadays feel great indignation and disgust at them. The Quakers differed from the other sects who were persecuted under the Commonwealth and under Charles II. in this, that they made no claim to bring forward a rival system, either to the sects or to the Church, challenging the submission and adherence of the State. With the Presbyterians and Independents it was a war *à outrance* between one another, and between them and the Church; they had all along avowed the plan of destroying and rooting out the Church, to force their own platform on the nation instead, and they both gave strong proof of their purposes. But the Quakers made no such pretension. They denounced the Church, indeed, without mercy, and as violently as anybody else did; but they denounced the rest of the Dissenters just as vehemently, for incorrigible formalists and blind dogmatists. And they only asked for liberty of conscience, and to be let alone to think as they pleased, and hold their meetings, which had nothing political or dangerous about them. Then they were unresisting sufferers. Their tongues went fast, and it is not difficult to understand the almost unendurable provocation given by their quiet self-conceit and impertinence; but no one ever feared that they could be tempted into violence or retaliation. Persecuting and im-

prisoning them was like persecuting and imprisoning women; and the contrast was ever present between the force and often the brutality on one side, and the notorious determination on the other to submit to any amount of insult and ill-usage without resenting it. They were people who tempted all the coarse and tyrannical and insolent men who possessed power in towns and counties to prey upon so much defenceless and quiet eccentricity, to vent their contempt or wreak their revenge on religionists who meant every word and every act of their lives to be a rebuke to vice and profaneness, and who besides held it as a first principle not to be afraid of speaking their minds. The persecutions of the seventeenth century were all brutal, whether of the Church party against the Dissenters, or of the Non-conformists, when they had the power, against the Church. But, of all the persecutions, those against the Quakers were the most wanton and inexcusable.

There is not a word to be said for them; but the question may still be asked, and is certainly suggested by Mrs. Webb's book, what was the cause in which they were endured? Why were they undergone, and what brought them down in such violence on the Quakers? For the Quakers undoubtedly challenged the law, and pointedly courted the intolerance of the Government. Well, say their admirers, it was for their religious opinions; for their greater spirituality of religion, for their purer and simpler appreciation of the real meaning and purpose of Scripture, which led them to put aside all forms and traditions. They only wanted peaceably, each man for himself and with his few friends, to follow their way of pure devotion; and they were punished for it. This is, of course, implied in such eulogies as Mrs. Webb writes. But this was not all, for such spirituality as Mrs. Webb sets before us, as characteristic of the subjects of her book, was not confined to the Quakers; language just as high and spiritual could be quoted from contemporary Presbyterians and Independents, from Church writers, from Roman Catholic writers. Baxter and Jeremy Taylor surely had as lofty ideas about the religious life as the Quakers. The Quakers could have been high and spiritual without persecution. Of course their nonconformity involved persecution; but what we want to learn was the real thing for which persecution was worth while enduring, and which made it an inevitable alternative. And we learn that, in Mrs. Webb's view, the great and sacred principle which hallowed the sufferings of

the Quakers, as it made them necessary for the improvement of the world, was their devotion to truth and truthfulness. We must respect people who are persecuted for nonconformity; but at the same time we may think that they suffered in a mistaken cause, and from an exaggerated notion of what they were to protest about. Mere suffering even for conscience' sake may be wise or may be foolish, however honest; and it is always important, in judging of the sufferers, to consider whether they were wise or foolish. But the Quakers were at the bottom, we are told, sufferers for truthfulness. Mrs. Webb is strong on this point; for instance:—

An enlightened conscience, pointing in the Gospel to the words of the Lord Jesus himself, made it clear to him that the Friends were right in maintaining that the follower of Christ must live a life of truthfulness—must make it the great object of his life to be true to God, true to his fellow-men, and true to the convictions of his own conscience in all things; that God required from His children, and would help them to maintain, truth in heart, in word, and in deed; and that no one who is not governed by the spirit of truth and truthfulness is pleasing to God and serving Him aright.

What, then, was this truthfulness? What was it as a cause, independently of the manfulness and fortitude of the sufferers, which gave their sufferings dignity and value? How did they show this lofty truthfulness? Now we mean no disrespect to the early Quakers. They were many of them excellent and even noble men, who raised their voice, in spite of mockery and ill-usage, against the hollowness and wickedness round them. But their sufferings are recalled to shed lustre on a particular sect, and they are said to have been especially the confessors of truthfulness. In what, then, did their truthfulness especially consist. "Then came the pinch in the application of strict truthfulness" to common life. There can be no doubt that there are plenty of occasions for a trying "application of strict truthfulness;" but what was it with Thomas Elwood and his associates? We are merely repeating what we find in Mrs. Webb's extracts, that the momentous "pinch" and test of truthfulness appears in them to have been the great hat question. The first occasion by which Elwood was tried was in a hat difficulty, and he triumphs in his firmness about it, as if he had thus given the decisive proof of his faith:—

The ceremonious uncovering of the head and

the bowing of the knee were seriously regarded by the Friends as marks of veneration that should not be offered to any mortal, but should be considered as due to God alone, and observed in prayerful approaches to Him. We cannot wonder that, viewing these observances in this light, no earthly consideration could induce them to comply with these fashionable usages. Elwood thus describes meeting with some of his former acquaintances after he had made that change, on an occasion when sent by his father to Oxford, with a message to his brother magistrates who sat on the bench during the Sessions:—"I went directly to the hall where the Sessions were held, and had been but a very little while there before a knot of my old acquaintances, espying me, came to me. One of these was a scholar in his gown, another a surgeon of that city (Oxford), both my school-fellows and fellow-boarders at Thame school, and the third a country gentleman with whom I had been long familiar. When they were come up to me, they all saluted me after the usual manner, putting off their hats and bowing, saying, 'Your humble servant, sir,' expecting, no doubt, in return the same from me. But when they saw me stand still, not moving my cap nor bowing my knee in a way of congee to them, they were amazed, and looked first one on another again for awhile, without a word speaking. At length the surgeon, a brisk young man, who stood nearest to me, clapping his hand in a familiar way on my shoulder, and smiling on me, said, 'What, Tom, a Quaker?' to which I readily and cheerfully answered, 'Yes, a Quaker.' And as the words passed out of my mouth, I felt joy springing in my heart, for I rejoiced that I had not been drawn by them into any compliance, and that I had strength and boldness given me to confess myself to be one of that despised people."

And the hat is forever coming up in his account of his difficulties. In those days, says Mrs. Webb, men generally wore their hats indoors; and as Thomas Elwood would not take off his hat to his father,

Young Elwood had not only hats and caps taken from him one after another, till all he possessed were gone, but also every means of procuring others. To this his father had recourse in order to put it out of his power ever to appear covered in his presence when he found that other and most cruel treatment which he had recourse to was unavailing. But do or say what he would to his son he found him immovable in this, though he still acted towards him with filial deference in every thing but what appeared to him as encroaching on the honour due to God.

Some friends, the Peningtons, come to see the Elwoods:—

They tarried with us all night, and much

discourse they had with my father, both about the principles of truth in general, and in relation to me in particular, which I was not privy to; but one thing which I afterwards heard of was this: when my father and we were at their house some months before, Mary Penington, in some discourse there, had told him how hardly her husband's father, Alderman Penington, had dealt with him about his hat, which my father, little then thinking that it would, and so soon too, be his own case, did very much censure the Alderman for. He spared not liberally to blame him for it, wondering that so wise a man as he was should take notice of so trivial a thing as the taking off or keeping on of a hat.

It is arranged that Thomas Elwood is to go away from home with the Peningtons; but, just at starting, the hat comes in again to embarrass matters:—

We were come to the coach side before this was concluded on, and I was ready to step in, when one of my sisters privately put my father in mind that I had no hat on. That somewhat startled him, for he did not think it fit I should go from home so far, and stay abroad, without a hat, wherefore he whispered her to fetch me a hat, and he entertained them with some discourse in the mean time. But as soon as he saw the hat coming he would not stay till it came, lest I should put it on before him; therefore, breaking off the discourse, he abruptly took his leave of them.

And the oddest indication of feeling amongst those early sectaries is that keeping on their hat was a sufficient testimony, though all the rest of the dress might be as fashionable as ever. When William Penn had declared himself a Quaker,

The whole family was dismayed at the intelligence, and the young man was forthwith recalled by the disappointed father. He promptly obeyed the summons, presenting himself as soon as possible before his parents in London. At first they were a little cheered on noticing no particular change in his manners or dress, except in not uncovering his head when he addressed them. He continued to wear the fashionable cavalier costume; the long curls, the plume, and the rapier were still in their wonted places, as were the rings and other gold ornaments. No thought had as yet been directed by him to these customary decorations; but in after-times they were all laid aside for what was more simple, though not for any style of dress peculiarly distinguishing the Quakers from other strictly religious people of those times.

And so again, in a letter of William Penn to his father, announcing his imprisonment,

and claiming his part with those who live godly in Christ Jesus, the one point which comes uppermost is the perpetual hat:—

My dear Father, — This comes by the hand of one who can best allay the trouble it brings. As true as ever Paul said it, such as live godly in Christ Jesus shall suffer persecution. So, for no other reason, am I at present a sufferer. Yesterday I was taken by a band of soldiers, with one Captain Meade, and in the evening carried before the mayor; he proceeded against me according to the ancient law; he told me I should have my hat pulled off, for all I was Admiral Penn's son. I told him I desired to be in common with others, and sought no refuge from the common usage. I discoursed with him about the hat; but he avoided it. Because I did not readily answer him as to my name, William, when he asked me in order to a mitimus, he bid his clerk write one for Bridewell, and there would he see me whipped himself, for all I was Penn's son that starved the seamen.

Persecution is a bad thing; but when the cause of "truthfulness" is reduced to questions of hats, paying tithes, and saying *thou* and *thee*, though we may abhor the persecution, we must protest in the name of common sense against making heroes of the persecuted. It is a bad and dangerous precedent.

But if their admirers will not insist on our regarding these early Quakers as persons who rose above every one else in wisdom, truthfulness, or sanctity, we may find in them much to respect and not a little to like. Among other things, there is a grave humour discernible in some of them, which shows itself sometimes in narratives not unworthy of Defoe or Fielding. Thomas Elwood, Milton's reader — who with the self-satisfaction characteristic both of the man and his set, all the more amusing from the specimens of his poetical talent given here, records how he sat in judgment on *Paradise Lost*, and gives himself credit for having put the idea of *Paradise Regained* into the poet's mind — could certainly tell a good story with effect. He relates how, riding in the Commonwealth times on a Sunday from Reading to Chalfont, to attend a Quaker's meeting, he was stopped at Maidenhead, and taken before the "Warden," to answer for the offence of travelling on the Sabbath:—

He asked why I travelled on that day. I told him I did not know it would give offence to ride or to walk on that day, so long as I did not drive any carriage or horses laden with burthens. "Why," said he, "if your business

was urgent, did you not take a pass from the Mayor of Reading?" "Because," I replied, "I did not know nor think I should have needed one." "Well," said he, "I will not talk with you now—it is time to go to church—but I will examine you further anon;" and turning to the constable, "Have him to an inn, and bring him before me after dinner."

The naming of an inn put me in mind that such public-houses were places of expense, and I knew I had no money to defray it, wherefore I said to the warden, "Before thou sendest me to an inn, which may occasion some expense, I think it needful to acquaint thee that I have no money." At that the warden stared, and turning quickly upon me said, "How, no money? How can that be? You don't look like a man that has no money." "However I look," said I, "I tell thee the truth, that I have no money, and I tell it to forewarn thee that thou mayst not bring any charge upon the town." "I wonder," said he, "what art you have got that you can travel without money; you can do more, I assure you, than I can."

I making no answer, he went on and said, "Well, well, but if you have no money, you have a good horse under you, and we can distraint him for the charge." "But," said I, "the horse is not mine." "No! but you have a good coat on your back, and I hope that is your own." "But it is not," said I, "for I borrowed both the horse and the great coat." With that the warden, holding up his hands and smiling, said, "Bless me! I never met with such a man as you before! What? were you set out by the parish?" Then, turning to the constable, he said, "Have him to the Greyhound, and bid the people be civil to him." Accordingly to the Greyhound I was led, my horse put up, and I put into a large room, and some account given of me, I suppose, to the people of the house.

After dinner, he is brought again before the Warden, who threatens him with the stocks, and lectures him on the Fourth Commandment; and then he goes on to describe how his own answer about the seventh day sets the local authorities by the ears, and under this diversion he is let off:—

Then putting on a countenance of the greatest gravity, he said, "But, young man, I would have you know that you have not only broken the law of the land, but also the law of God; and therefore you ought to ask of Him forgiveness, for you have highly offended Him." "That," said I, "I would most willingly do, if I were sensible I had offended Him by breaking any law of his!" "Why," said he, "do you question that?" "Yes, truly," said I, "for I do not know of any law of God that doth forbid me to ride on this day." "No, that is strange! Where, I wonder, were you bred? You can read, can't you?" "Yes," said I,

"that I can." "Don't you then read," said he, "the commandment, *Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy. Six days shalt thou labour and do all thy work; but the seventh is the Sabbath of the Lord, in it thou shalt not do any work.*" "Yes," I replied, "I have read it often, and remember it well. But that command was given to the Jews, not to Christians; and this is not that day; their Sabbath was the seventh day, but this is the first day of the week." "How is it," said he, "you know the days of the week no better? You need to be better taught."

Here the younger constable, whose name was Cherry, interposing, said, "Mr. Warden, the gentleman is right as to that, for this is the first day of the week, not the seventh." This the old warden took in dudgeon, and looking severely on the constable, said, "What! do you take upon you to teach me? I'll have you know I'll not be taught by you." "As you please for that, sir," said the constable, "but I am sure you are mistaken on this point; for Saturday was the seventh day, and you know yesterday was Saturday."

This made the warden hot and testy, and put him so out of patience that I feared it would have come to a downright quarrel betwixt them, for both were confident, and neither would yield. And so earnestly were they engaged in the contest, that there was no room for me to put in a word between them. At length the old man, having talked himself out of wind, stood still awhile, as it were to take breath, and then bethinking of me he turned and said, "You are discharged, and may take your liberty." "But," said I, "I desire my horse may be discharged too, else I know not how to go." "Aye, aye," said he, "you shall have your horse," and turning to the other constable, who had not offended him, he said, "Go, see that his horse be delivered to him."

The latter part of the volume is devoted to William Penn. It is composed in the same tone of indiscriminate praise, which is just as unsatisfactory in relating the life of a Quaker as it is in the pages of the excellent Alban Butler. Mr. Hepworth Dixon's highly-coloured panegyric, though largely drawn upon by Mrs. Webb, is not enough for her. Mr. Dixon, she complains, overlooks the special influences of Quaker principles and society in Penn's large-minded and benevolent legislation for his colony. But Mrs. Webb leaves us much as we were as to a satisfactory and fair judgment of William Penn. What is obvious, even in her account, is the combination of keen, shrewd, good sense with romantic aspirations and designs, of an ambition and scheming temper and strong desires for personal importance with real benevolence and the genuine wish to promote human improvement, and of a despotic love of command with an overflow in his letters of

gushing sensibility and devotional unction. After all, his extremely intimate relations with James II. are not sufficiently accounted for, in the case of a religionist of William Penn's type and opinions, by the fact of the Duke of York having been the friend of Penn's father, the admiral. Lord Macaulay may have been ill-natured, but the connection is not creditable to Penn's professed simplicity of religion; and we find nothing fresh to explain it. Altogether, Penn's connexions and acquaintances out of his own sect are remarkable. Mrs. Webb prints a correspondence between him and Tillotson, from which it appears that Tillotson had some suspicions, perfectly ill-grounded ones, of the Protestantism of a man who kept such different company. She also prints a curious expostulation from Penn to Algernon Sidney, referred to, but not quoted, by Mr. Hepworth Dixon, which is worth quoting, as showing both the manner in which the two men had worked together, and also the character which Penn had, rightly or wrongly, for being a man who must have his own way:—

13th October, 1681.

There are many things make a man's life uneasy in the world, which are great abates to the pleasure of living, but scarcely one equal to that of the unkindness or injustice of friends.

I have been asked by several since I came last to town if Colonel Sidney and I were fallen out, and when I denied it and laughed at it, they told me I was mistaken, and, to convince me, stated that he had used me very ill to several persons if not companies, saying, "I had a good country, but the basest laws in the world, not to be endured or lived under; and that the Turk was not more absolute than I." This made me remember the discourse we had together at my house about me drawing constitutions, not as proposals, but as if fixed to the hand; and as my act to which the rest were to comply, if they would be concerned with me. I could not but call to mind that the objections were presently complied with, both by my verbal denial of all such constructions as the words might bear, as if they were imposed and not yet free from debate. And also that I took my pen and immediately altered the terms, so that they corresponded (and I truly thought more properly) with thy sense. Upon this thou didst draw a draft as to the frame of government, gave it to me to read, and we discoursed it with considerable argument. It was afterwards called for back by thee to finish and polish; and I suspended proceedings in the business ever since.

I met with this sort of language in the mouths of several: I shall not believe it; 'twere not well in me to an enemy, less to a friend. But if it be true, I shall be sorry we ever were

so well acquainted, or that I have given so much occasion, to them that hate us, to laugh at me for more true friendship and steady kindness than I have been guilty of to any man I know living. It becomes not my pretensions to the things of another life to be much in pain about the uncertainties of this. Be it as it will, I am yet worthy of a line.

Thy real friend,

WILLIAM PENN.

From the Economist. 3 Aug.

THE PRESENT INFLUENCE OF FOREIGN AFFAIRS ON THE MONEY MARKET.

THE want of nerve in Lombard Street is quite enough without foreign addition; but it is unquestionable that there is such an addition. People are troubled about the state of foreign affairs. There are rumors which the *Moniteur* contradicts; but, perhaps, the contradiction rather gives importance to their currency than diminishes their belief. The addition of uncertain international circumstances is most important when in the money market at home every thing is distrustful.

We can say nothing to remove this uncertainty; on the contrary, we think it a proper and legitimate state of mind. Great changes have lately been made in Europe, and greater still are creeping on. Italy was made into a nation a few years ago; North Germany was last year made into one. The pressing difficulty is how, in what manner, to what extent, is South to be added to North Germany? Italy is not, perhaps, of the first magnitude; but North Germany especially, with its possibilities and appendages, is of the very first magnitude. For many years (and especially since the beginning of the empire), France has been not only the greatest nation on the continent, but *by far* the greatest nation. Whatever "the French do" has been taken as a capital fact to be regretted or applauded as may be, but above all things to be thought of at any rate. This was exactly the state of Europe which, by elaborate policy and treaty, the Congress of Vienna wished to prevent. The Congress, by raising Austria, Prussia, and Russia, into a kind of half-believed rank, wanted to make a counterpoise to France,—wanted to make her, in a word, one among many powers, not the most considerable among all powers. But now this almost imaginary aim is come true. If Germany becomes one, as Italy is one, France is but one of many of

several great countries; she becomes a considerable member of a mixed body,—not a person predominant over that body.

The question before Europe is—Will France, and will her Emperor, endure this descent? M. Thiers said in counting up the evils of the Mexican expedition, that it hampered the power of France during the war of Sadowa,—which is as much as to say that if so many French troops had not been in Mexico, France might have gone to war to prevent Germany being one. If so, it is the best justification the Mexican expedition will ever receive. But the question remains—Will a nation which has long been used to so high a position, which so much delights in and prizes that position, submit quietly, and without a struggle, to what really is a loss of power and a degradation?

The same difficulty presses on the Emperor which presses on France, and in a form singularly peculiar. He has in substance said to France and Europe—"No doubt I am a dictator; no doubt I repress and stifle individual freedom; no doubt I send clever men to Cayenne; no doubt I repress individual thought; no doubt I restrict the freedom of the Press; no doubt I hate newspapers; but I repay France for this. I give France a great foreign position." What is he to say when by inevitable causes, and partly by the very principles of nationality which he invoked and advocated when half Europe was against it, this great position, and France are obliged to go down in the scale of nations?

We do not wish to over-state any thing on so serious a matter of business; but it would be very dangerous not to see what is. A great change has occurred of late in Europe affecting a susceptible nation and a self-made monarch; and day by day we should watch that change to see what will probably be produced by it, and what will not.

The question of cremation is being agitated again in Paris. Great apprehensions, it appears, are entertained that the proposed new cemetery at Pontoise, though of the great extent of 2,125 acres, will exercise a baneful effect on the health of Paris. The plan originated by Dr. Caffé, of that city, of burning the dead by means of an apparatus to which he has given the name of sarcophébe, appears to be favorably entertained. By its adoption, the ashes of the deceased might be easily preserved.

THE SONG OF A TAILOR—NOT ON STRIKE.

My life is dull, my lot is low,
A tailor—sitting on a board—
I urge a hot goose to aud fro
O'er seams of fustian, seams of cord.

I had a dream in early days,
Ere cramped about the heart and knees,—
The youthful longing for the bays
That heroes bring across the seas.

But poverty—in scornful mood—
Upbraided a haggard face and said,
"Go! Take this needle, work for food,
Thy fate is spun of wincey thread."

When now I wish for great renown,
A "ragged regiment" me assails;
The ghosts of future jackets frown
From out paternal swallow-tails.

Sleep brings me dreams of cannon-balls,
And hostile garments rolled in blood:
With morn I wake to troops of smalls—
Stained by a peaceful country's mud.

Sometimes a thought across me comes,
In busy labours of the night,—
That I do hear the roll of drums—
Loud clarions clam'rous for the fight.

Then my swift lance despises rest,
Fierce through the ragged breach I whirl,
This hand hath made a crimson vest,
And pinked the doublet of an Earl.

O'er lifeless limbs I hotly press,
O'er soulless bodies—cut and torn,—
I see the ranked battalion's "dress,"
Gods! It will be an awful morn.

A page ascends the death-heaped stair,—
"Ho! Doth thy Mistress tidings send?
What! Tokens from my lady fair?"
"No! MR. THOMPSON'S coat to mend."

Oh! heedless, heedless 'prentice boy,
The errand you too quickly ran.
One hour—I feel the warrior's joy,
The next—a fraction of a man!

Yet, wherefore should I thus regret
A blood-stained wreath—a shroudless
grave;
Men's hearts are not so narrow yet,
But they may think a tailor brave.

I have a friend who loves me well,
There is a maiden holds me dear;
Away regret! Renown farewell!
I have a worthier consort here.

—Punch.

A LEAP IN THE DARK.

A FINE horse, a fine rider, — and first of the steed —
 Caucasian Arab, they say, by his breed —
 Limbs lithe, light, and lissome; with sinew to spare,
 And though past mark of mouth, not a single white hair:
 Yet his coat seems to change, as 'tis viewed in the light,
 Now, a dull Oxford mixture, now dark, and now bright.
 Till what its true colour, 'twas puzzle to say,
 Till they found a new name for it — Vivian Grey —
 His temper, you'd say, that a quieter horse
 Never played in a paddock, or walked o'er a course,
 But for all he's so quiet, a look in his eye,
 Warns 'gainst trusting one's ribs his fine fetlocks too nigh.
 And if ever a horse had a will of his own,
 One is fixed in that flesh, and was bred in that bone:
 Ere you cross this dark horse, let him look ne'er so nice,
 See you've muscles like whip-cord, a hand like a vice,
 Or the horse you'll soon find with the bit in his teeth,
 And the rider, where riders should not be, beneath.
 And he who backs *this* horse, for field, course, or park,
 Ten to one, finds he's taken — a LEAP IN THE DARK.

And what of his rider, the lady in blue?
 There are fears and forebodings, BRITANNIA, for you!
 Though in front of the field 'twas your glory to show,
 Time was when your steed by *your* will had to go:
 When though riding your fastest, you still, as you led,
 Kept a hand on your horse, and a watch well ahead;
 Never rushed at your fences, your mark over-shot,
 Nor galloped o'er ground where 'twas wiser to trot:
 When, if strange to a country, you stuck to a guide
 Who knew it, — nor scorned by direction to ride:

When if a big jump, or a blind, crossed your course,
 You noted the ground ere you lifted your horse;
 If the lie of the land hinted danger beyond —
 Old quarry, or chalk-pit, sunk road-way, or pond —
 When your horse would have taken the fence in his stride,
 You pulled him together, and turned him aside,
 And the chance of a fall and a fracture to baulk,
 To the *terra incognita* went at a walk —
 Too brave to heed sneerers' or scoffers' remark,
 And too wise to hazard a LEAP IN THE DARK

Those fashions you've changed, and those rules you've thrown by;
 With no hand on your reins, across country you fly;
 Curb and snaffle hang loose, and your horse has his head,
 And as once you steered *him*, now he steers *you*, instead;
 Takes a line of his own, you reckon nought where or how;
 Let him trot over pasture, and gallop o'er plough?
 Let him shy the old ways, well-known gaps, ancient rides,
 Leave your skirt on the thorns, smash your knees, bruise your sides,
 In his rush betwixt gateposts too straight to pass through,
 At stone walls he can't leap, gates you cannot undo;
 Till at last, when your head you have lost in the run,
 When your eyesight is failing, your strength fairly done,
 When your line shaped at random, the guideposts unread,
 You know not an inch of the country ahead.
 He goes by BRIGHT and GLADSTONE, HUGHES, FAWCETT, and MILL,
 At a thundering gallop, tearing with you down hill,
 In his stride takes the fence that, big, bushy, and black,
 Throws up its thick sprays, and sharp thorns in your track,
 And over it skims, like a lad in a lark,
 And — who knows what will come of this LEAP IN THE DARK?

— *Punch*, 3 Aug.